

The Sketch



No. 579.—VOL. XLV.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



[Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.]

MR. H. B. IRVING AND MISS IRENE VANBRUGH IN "CAPTAIN DIEPPE,"

AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

This piece will be shortly replaced by a revival of "His Excellency the Governor."



The Sketch Office,
Monday, Feb. 29.

LOOKING at the matter from the outsider's point of view, it has always seemed to me a hard thing that the rank-and-file of the theatrical profession should not be paid during rehearsals. Mr. Granville Barker, I see, brought the question forward again at the meeting of the Actors' Association, and was so far successful that Mr. George Alexander declared himself to be quite in sympathy with the notion. Mr. Edward Terry, the celebrated comedian, urged that the matter should be discussed in private, and the end of it was that "Mr. Barker accepted Mr. Terry's suggestion to remit the resolutions to the Council, who would decide whether a Committee should be appointed to consider them, and to report to a future meeting." Perhaps I ought not to say that that was the end of the matter. The Council, having considered the resolutions, may possibly decide to report to a future meeting that a Committee should be appointed to consider these same resolutions. In the meantime, a few more mummurs will have died of inanition—unless, of course, other managers follow the generous example of Mr. George Edwardes, who daily invites all the members of the Daly's chorus to lunch and tea. The caterer's bill, I understand, will be something like five hundred pounds by the time the new piece is ready, the high figure being due to the fact that Mr. Lionel Monckton will drink such quantities of cocoa. If you don't believe me, just examine the flashlight photograph on page 224.

I am distressed to hear, on the authority of a widely-circulating newspaper, that the practice of self-denial during Lent is dying out. My own conscience, happily, is quite clear in this respect. I give up, during the solemn season, any little pleasure that is not absolutely justifiable on the score of business. "At Homes," for example, and visits to music-halls, and conversations with cabmen, and lifts, and writing letters to friends, and trying on new clothes, and proclaiming my opinion of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy, and encouraging eloquent people to explain the situation in the Far East, and writing out, from memory, the plots of musical comedies. The newspaper accusation, therefore, cannot be held to apply to me, but I fear it is only too true with regard to many of my acquaintances. So far as I am able to judge, they deny themselves nothing in the way of luxuries that they are able to obtain, and this applies, not to the season of Lent only, but to the whole year round. Well may Mr. Barrie write a serious comedy on the subject of over-indulgence at table! Well may the Bishop of Southwell call for a stirring war-march for the use of the Temperance Party!

With reference to that Temperance war-march, might I suggest to the Bishop that there is a capital "Song of Water" in the "Scottish Students' Song Book"? Here is the first half of the second verse—

At luncheon, too, I drink it,	When really good, I think it
And strength it seems to bring;	A liquor for a king.

The second half of the verse would scarcely be so suitable. It runs—

But I forgot to mention—	I use an old invention
'Tis best to be sincere—	That makes it into Beer.

It is a thousand pities, as his Lordship will agree, that a really fine Temperance song has been sacrificed to make a ditty for drunkards. Would it not be possible, however, to omit the second half of each verse? For example, any teetotaler might trolly forth—

I drink it, too, at dinner,	And find, as I'm a sinner,
I quaff it full and free,	It does not disagree.

He would then cut, of course—

But I forgot to mention,	To obviate distension,
As thus I drink and dine,	I join some Sherry Wine.

What honest teetotaler, as an Irishman might say, ever shrank from a little distension?

On Shrove Tuesday, by way of a final dissipation before Lent, I went to a "Celebrity Tea." For the benefit of any benighted reader who has never attended a joyous affair of this kind, I may explain that we all had names of celebrities pinned on to our backs, and then had to discover, by means of asking questions, whom we represented. The first person I approached was an old lady in a white cap who was nursing, appropriately enough, a lapdog. "Would you tell me," I said, sweetly, "whether I am ancient or modern?" "Please go away," she sighed; "I've got a headache, and I'm not playing." I bowed, passed on, and put the same question to the daughter of the house. She turned me round, laughed a little, and then cried, "Oh, as old as the hills!" I wrinkled my brows, and thought of another question. Bit by bit, I discovered that I was short, rather plump, very popular, very dangerous, careless in my attire, always to be found in London during the Season, particularly fond of seaside places during August, inclined towards lawlessness, dignified, extremely short-sighted, and cunning to a degree. I need hardly say that I won no prize. As a matter of fact, I was still asking questions when everyone else had finished. Now, clever reader, whom did I represent? (No prizes. Replies sent only to those who enclose stamped addressed envelopes.)

Now that Mr. Grant Richards has published "The Egregious English" at a shilling, I am able to pronounce an opinion on the merits of the book. I find it, then, frankly vulgar, but decidedly amusing. Read it seriously, and you will get very angry. Read it with your tongue in your cheek, and you will laugh several times. Personally, I like the chapter on "Suburbanism" as well as any. Here is an extract: "When Spriggs comes home to The Laurels . . . he reads a halfpenny newspaper till there is nothing left in it to read; then he talks to Mrs. Spriggs about that beast So-and-So, his employer; and Mrs. Spriggs tells him not to grumble so much, and asks the elder daughter why she doesn't play a chune to liven us up a bit." For a study in dreariness that would be hard to beat. "Angus McNeill," by the way, author of "The Egregious English," seems to cherish a profound admiration for Mr. Crosland, author of "The Unspeakable Scot." Not content with imitating his enemy's style down to the last comma, he makes many flattering allusions of this kind: "The exceedingly clever young man who recently wrote a book about the Scot," "The elegant and austere writer who gave us, &c.," "Mr. Crosland and other masters of elegant English," "Mr. Crosland has pointed out with some pertinence." I wonder whether there is any truth in the rumour—? But no matter.

The *Era* is responsible for the statement that separate classes will be held at Mr. Tree's School of Acting for the purpose of teaching clergymen how to read the lessons and how to preach. These particular classes will be taken in hand by Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, who will teach the pupils how to avoid what is known as "clergyman's throat." Mr. Blathwayt, I gather from the *Era*, was himself a preacher for eight or nine years. He is also, it seems, an experienced lecturer. One might suggest to him that, having cured "clergyman's throat," he might turn his attention to "lecturer's lip." There is an opening in that direction for a man of strong mind. I have heard of Mr. Blathwayt, too, as a writer. Could he not, one would like to know, discover some remedy for that hideous disease generally referred to as "author's side"? And has not Mr. Blathwayt tried his hand at interviewing? The reading public, I feel sure, would call down blessings on any man who could discover some palliation for the tiresome complaint called "interviewer's I."

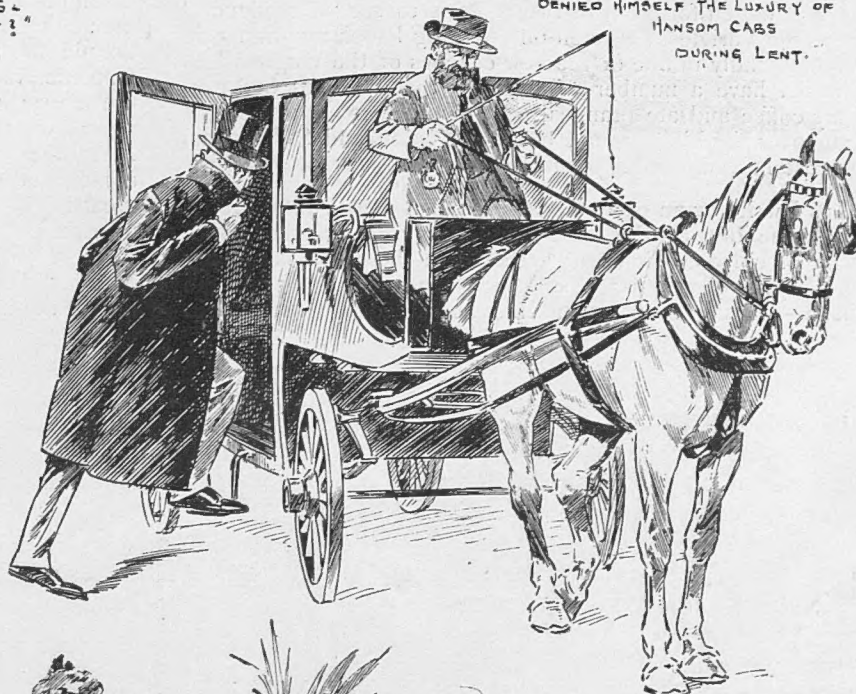
"THE PRACTICE OF SELF-DENIAL DURING LENT IS RAPIDLY DYING OUT."

—DAILY PAPER.

"BY THE WAY I'VE DECIDED, DURING LENT, TO DENY MYSELF THE PLEASURE OF LENDING YOU ANYMORE HALF-CROWNS. RATHER NEAT IDEA - WHAT?"



"SKETCH PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO HAS DENIED HIMSELF THE LUXURY OF HANSOM CABS DURING LENT."



"GO TO A THEATRE TONIGHT!? MY DEAR GIRL HOW CAN YOU THINK OF SUCH A THING IN LENT"



"SELF-DENIAL? RATHER, MY BOY I'M NOT TAKING ANY MEALS BETWEEN DRINKS! - WHAT'S YOUR TIPPLE THIS TIME"



"I'VE JUST JOINED THE ANTI-SELF DENIAL LEAGUE. 'WHAT'S THAT?' 'NEVER TO DENY YOURSELF ANYTHING. GREAT IDEA!'"



"PARSON, E' SEZ AS WE'RE TO DENY OURSELVES ORL LUXSHRIES LENT"

OUR OBSERVANT ARTIST (MR. RALPH CLEAVER) REGRETFULLY CONFIRMS THIS STATEMENT.

THE CLUBMAN.

Holiday-making at Monte Carlo—The View from my Window—The Gossip of the Town.

I AM holiday-making. Like one of the characters in Mr. Comyns Carr's play, I have come to the Riviera and have found myself at Monte Carlo. When once one's tickets are taken, it is a very easy journey. I halted for a day or two in Paris to see "Decadence" and Réjane at the Variétés, and then one evening I took my dinner in the train, slept soundly in one of the new coaches of the Wagons-Lits Company, which have a number of comforts the old ones had not, and drank my coffee and ate oranges fresh-plucked from the trees as the train ran over the high ground between Toulon and St. Raphael and the sun rose in a blaze of glory out of an amethyst sea.

To-day, as I write by an open window in the Riviera Palace Hotel, I have before me one of the most wonderful views in the world. A great bank of clouds which had gathered in the night is moving away to the South, chased by a soft land-wind, and below it the Mediterranean—which, seen from this height, draws its curtain

stones of the new breakwater show above the surface of the sea, and by them are a floating crane and many barges and tugs.

Then, to complete the picture, right down below me are the red roofs of Monte Carlo, with two small, shining domes marking the position of the station of the Hill-railway, the Grand Hotel showing two larger rounds of grey and a mass of brown roof, the gilt ornamentation and the glass of the Palace of Arts glittering in the sun, and the pinnacle of the Hôtel de Paris tipped by a star of light. Behind the Casino is a mass of soft, dark greens, the palms and rubber-trees and gums, the grass and cacti of the Gardens, and the mass of the great temple of the gamblers, all grey and white, is relieved by its fantastic turrets, by the colour of the tiles on their roofs, by the crown which tops the largest dome, and by the sculptured figures on the sky-line of the new buildings. In shadow behind it is the domed Café de Paris, looking from this height like a mosque. The foliage of the trees where the Gardens dip to the great terrace fills in the corner of my picture. I have, however, only to rise from my table to see to one side the steep, olive-covered steps of the mountain-side below La Turbie, and to the other the dark headland of Cap Martin jutting out into the sea and the fainter line of the mountains of the Italian coast.



Mr. Lionel Monckton.

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A "QUICK LUNCH" AT DALY'S THEATRE: HOW MR. GEORGE EDWARDES BANQUETS HIS COMPANY DURING REHEARSALS AT A COST OF £60 PER WEEK. (SEE "MOTLEY NOTES.")

of water almost half-way up the sky—is indigo, but the East is salmon-coloured under long strips of purply-grey sky, and above is the unclouded blue, and, below, the sea holds every colour from lapis-lazuli to turquoise. Near land, snaky streaks of silver tell how the currents run against each other, and a little, white-winged yacht out at sea is on a ruffled line of deepest blue, where a puff of the wind is fretting the water into wavelets.

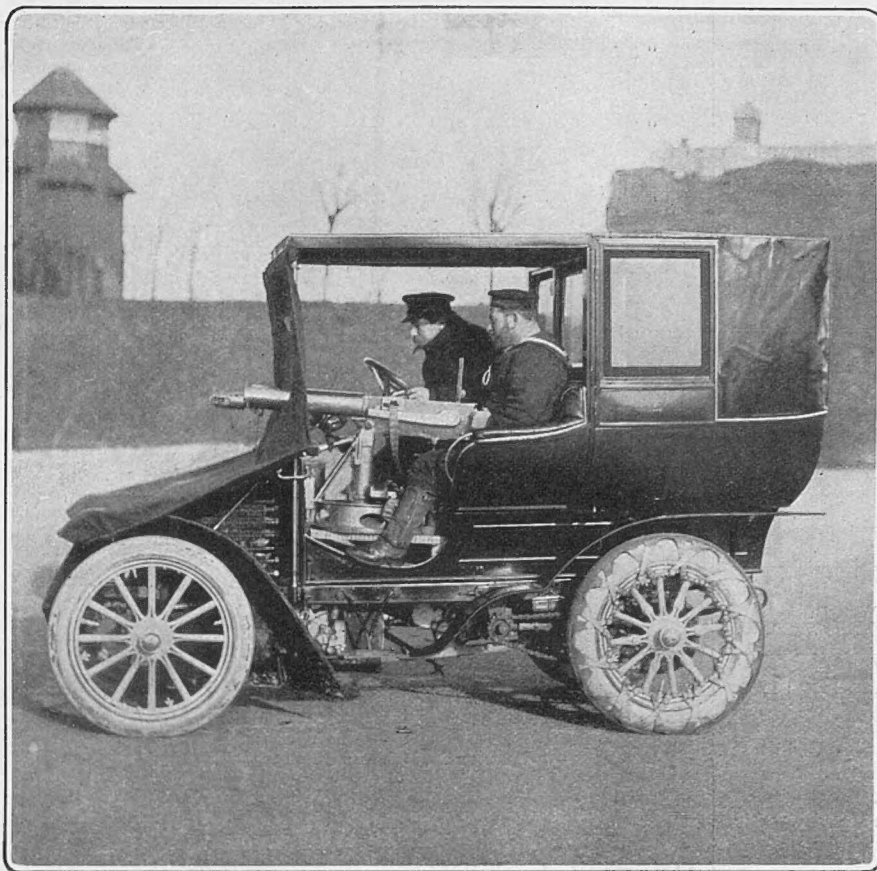
The promontory of Monaco stands out boldly against the blue, half-way up the picture which is framed by my window. The trees in its garden at the cliff-edge are almost black in their shadows and edged with the lightest green where the sun catches them. The buff-coloured buildings on the Rock show each a side of shining cream towards the sun, and their red roofs look as though they were new-washed. There is a forest of scaffolding about the still unfinished Museum, the Cathedral holds up its two little turrets tipped with brown tiles, and the new, staring white clock-tower of the Prince's Palace looks as though it was an unfinished end to the long, yellow galleries and the crimson roofs. In the shadow of the great Rock, covered with creepers and bushes, are the grey lines of the roads and scars where the fortifications show faces of steep stone. In the harbour which lies between the old town and the new a French despatch-boat, white of hull and green at the water-line, is sunning its canvas, and near it lies a lateen-rigged boat from Genoa. At the Point the

I have been but twenty-four hours in Monte Carlo, but in that time I have heard most of the gossip of the town and seen most of the sights. The new buildings of the Casino are just now the especial wonder. They are on the sea-side of the building, and consist of one large room with nude paintings and garlands of electric-lights, and a bar and a smoking-room at either end. The Club Privé, in the upstairs rooms, has not been opened as yet this year, the reason being, I am told, that all the men who played high used to congregate at one table, and, when luck went against the establishment, the bank was broken half-a-dozen times a night. The authorities prefer to have their antagonists for large stakes scattered about and not all in one place. The gamblers in heavy sums who like to play unhampered by the presence of lovely woman, and to smoke while they play, are petitioning the authorities to give them back their room. To make compensation for the suppression of the Club Privé, the play in the other rooms now commences at ten in the morning and goes on up to one in the morning, so long as there are enough players to make a table, and when March brings its great crowd to the South the rooms are not to be closed till two a.m.

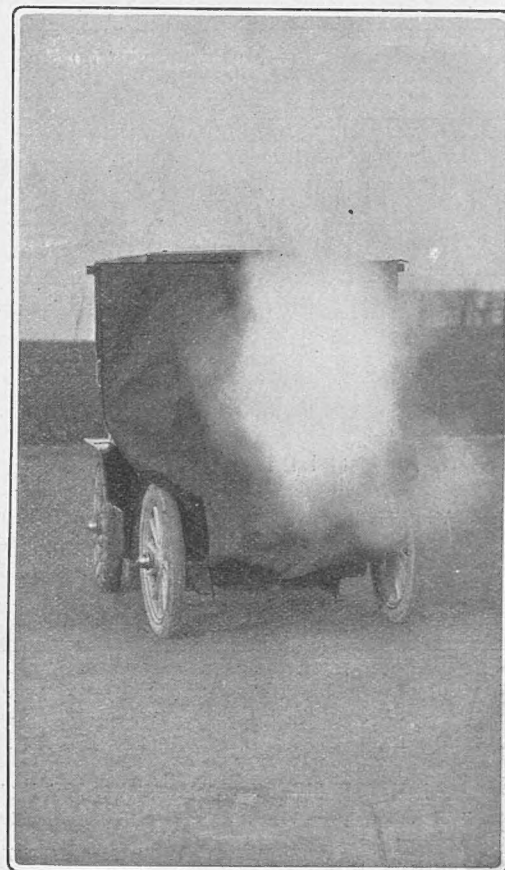
A new building of creamy stone has risen on the site of the old Hôtel du Monte Carlo, and in it baccarat is to be played. Its doors are to be opened in March, but some of the eager gamblers have not waited for the formal opening to gather round the green tables.

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MARCH 5.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

MARCH 5.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

FARMERS all through the kingdom will be pleased when they hear of His Majesty's visit last week to the Agricultural Hall. Many years have gone by since His Majesty, when speaking at the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution, observed, "I may call myself a colleague of many of you present, as a farmer on a small scale." The King has always been a keen competitor at both the National and local Shows, and it is an

open secret that he regards the Shire horse as of very special importance to the welfare of our country districts. At the Exhibition visited by him last Wednesday, the Sovereign, as owner, was represented by no less than six entries from his own stud; but this year none of the Royal animals secured a first prize, though the names of all but one appeared in the Honours List. Lord Rothschild scored the honours of the day, the King himself presenting him with the Championship Cup and Medal, and His Majesty is said to have expressed particular gratification at the splendid form of Lord Rothschild's beautiful brown, quaintly named horse, Girtan Charmer.

A Learned Lord. Although the Commons are jealous of members with an "outside" reputation, the Peers are proud of the company of Lord Kelvin. They listen to him with greater deference than they show to any Duke. In a recent debate the Leaders tried to give him an appropriate description. The term "learned" is reserved in Parliament for Peers and members belonging to the legal profession. Even the doctors are denied that description. Earl Spencer, however, referred to Lord Kelvin as "the noble and scientific Lord," and the Marquis of Lansdowne, not to be outdone, called him "noble and erudite." To these terms there could not be the objection that was taken when a scoffing statesman alluded to John Bright as the honourable and "reverend" gentleman.

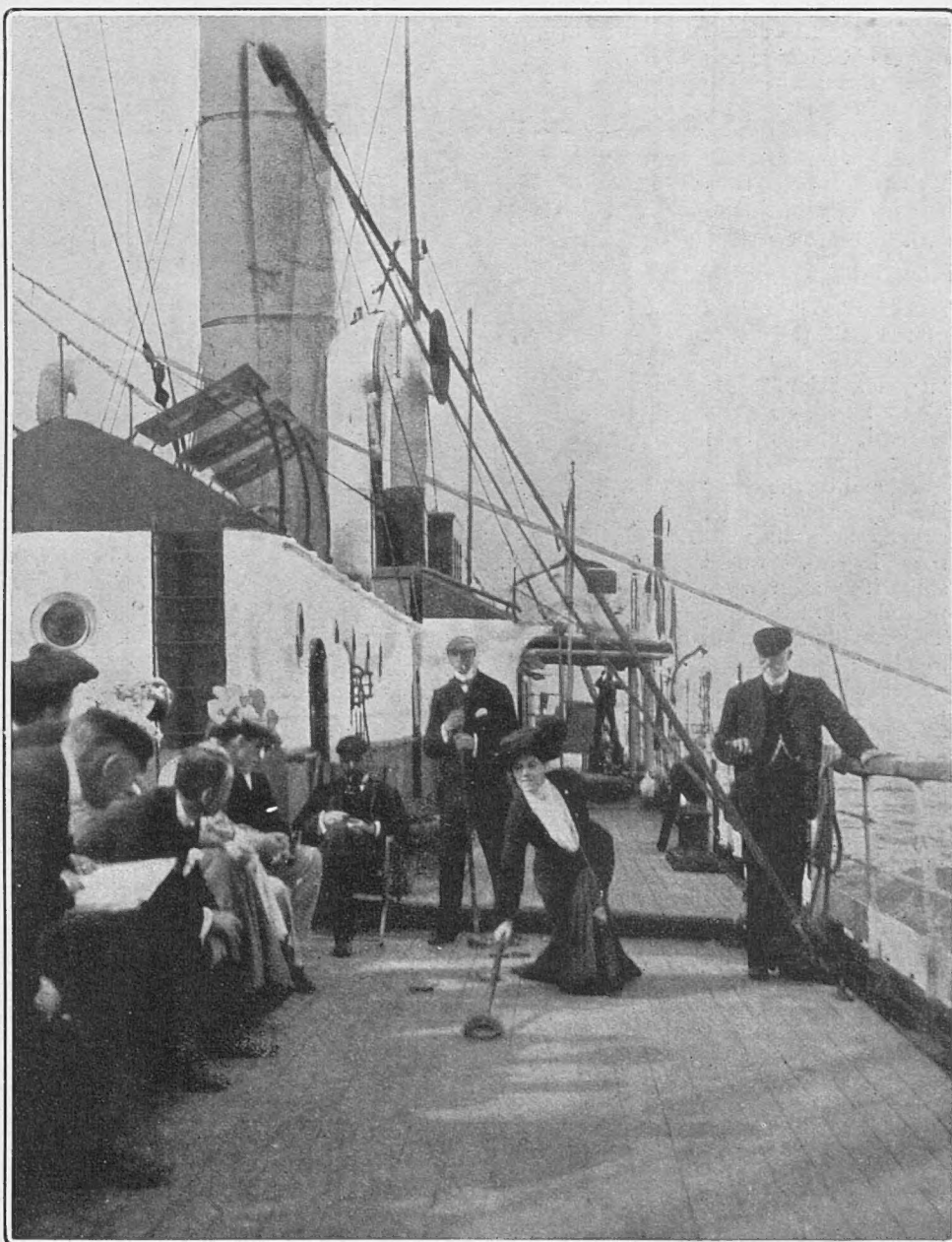
A New Peer. The new Lord Alington, though a very different man from his father, is quite as popular, and from the days when he was an Eton boy "Humphrey Sturt" has been a name to conjure with, especially in Dorset. He was a sound and intelligent if somewhat silent member, and he will be missed in the House of Commons.

Lady Alington. As Lady Feo Sturt, the latest Peeress was a great personage in Society. She is a sister of Lord Hardwicke, and is said to have the finest and most uncommon jewels belonging to any woman of her generation. Her appearance at the great Jubilee Devonshire House Ball was particularly splendid, for her gorgeous costume set off her dark beauty to exceptional advantage. Lady Alington will be a great addition to the leading country hostesses, and, once out of mourning, she will probably entertain their Majesties at Crichel.

The King of Sweden. King Oscar of Sweden and Norway is now at Vienna on a visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph, who has set a suite of apartments in the Palace at his disposal. The King is then going to Abbazia, the charming little seaside resort on the Adriatic which has become such a favourite holiday-place with the Continental Royalties of late. King Oscar will stay at Abbazia for some weeks for the benefit of his health before returning to Sweden.

The coming Season, and, indeed, the early Courts, will launch on the world a bevy of exceptionally pretty débutantes. It is yet early to predict who among them will count as beauties; but among those who inherit loveliness to a special degree may be mentioned Lady Viola Talbot, the only daughter of Lord Shrewsbury and the niece of Lady Londonderry; Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, also an only daughter, and three of whose aunts, headed by Lady Warwick, are still reigning beauties; and Miss Alexandra Bertie, whose mother, Lady Norreys, looks scarcely older than herself. Two pretty sisters are the Ladies Elliot, Lord and Lady Minto's daughters; and ducal débutantes are Lady Eileen Wellesley and Lady Olga Osborne.

Church v. Stage. Life on board even the most magnificent Liner would soon become intolerably dull were it not for the various amusements indulged in by the passengers. A favourite pastime is the old marine game of "Shuffle-board," better known to saloon-passengers as "Deck-billiards." The accompanying snapshot—taken on board the steamship *Telde*, off Mazagan, on the coast of Morocco—shows Miss Ada Reeve in the act of making a stroke, while her opponent, the Rev. Canon Carter, of York Minster, leans against the bulwarks awaiting his turn. The Canon's Secretary stands behind Miss Reeve, while on the left may be seen the ship's Captain and several of the passengers watching the contest with the keenest of interest.



Canon Carter.

CHURCH V. STAGE: MISS ADA REEVE AND CANON CARTER (OF YORK CATHEDRAL) PLAYING "DECK-BILLIARDS" ON BOARD THE S.S. "TELDE."

Royal Visits to Cambridge.

The King has been often to Cambridge since his undergraduate days. One of the last occasions was in the October of 1883, when the then Prince of Wales, most devoted of fathers, accompanied his eldest son to the old University town and saw him matriculated as an undergraduate member of Trinity College. Prince Albert Victor's College tutor was Mr. Joseph Prior, and at the present moment it is interesting to recall the fact that the young Prince attended Mr. Gosse's Lectures on English Literature. The Queen has also, more than once visited Cambridge; indeed, it was there, when little more than a bride, that she performed one of her first public acts, by opening the Cambridge School of Art.

Clare College.

Clare is one of the oldest foundations in Cambridge, although the present buildings are all of the seventeenth century. It has only one court, which, however, is regarded as among the best, architecturally, in the University. The College has a fine gateway on the street, with quaint, lantern-like windows, and also a fine river-front. It was Elizabeth, third daughter and heiress of the last Earl of Clare, who really founded the College. An earlier one, founded in Edward the Second's reign, had been burnt down, and this generous lady took it over, gave it adequate endowments, and called it by her father's title. Another fire occurred in the sixteenth century, and what was left of the old College was taken down when the present buildings were begun, in 1638. Curiously enough, the College was then rebuilt by public subscription.

One of the most remarkable possessions of the College is what is known as the "Poisoned Cup." It is a small covered glass tankard, enclosed in silver filigree open-work, and on the cover is a mysterious stone, which, according to the legend, would split if poison were placed in the cup. The foundress is said to have given this vessel, which certainly would have had its uses in the Middle Ages. Perhaps the most famous of old Clare men are Bishop Latimer and Nicholas Ferrar of Little Gidding, of whom there is a memorable picture in "John Inglesant."

The great glory of the Library is its rare folio Bible of Pope Sixtus V. It is said that Chaucer was a Clare man, but this is doubtful.

Emmanuel College. In contrast to Clare, Emmanuel College is one of the youngest foundations of the University, having owed its being to Sir Walter Mildmay in 1584. Queen Elizabeth told him that she heard he had erected a Puritan foundation, whereupon he replied to her, "I have set an acorn which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof." Indeed, Emmanuel did remain strongly Puritan for something like a hundred years. It was founded on the site of a Dominican convent, portions of which were worked into the new College, but little of this, however, now remains. Sir Christopher Wren built the Chapel and Picture Gallery, while the rest of the College was built by James Essex early in the reign of George III. Wren was not so successful with this Chapel as with the one at Pembroke College; but the Picture Gallery

is a fine chamber, a hundred feet long, and contains some notable pictures. The College plate includes one extraordinarily beautiful cup, attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, displaying the founder's Arms in enamel, with curious sea-monsters in the interior, including Arion on his dolphin. The famous Dr. Parr was an Emmanuel man, and his pipe, tobacco-box, and stopper are preserved in the College. The Library still exhibits the early Puritan associations of the College, including some very interesting letters and papers of the early Reformers.

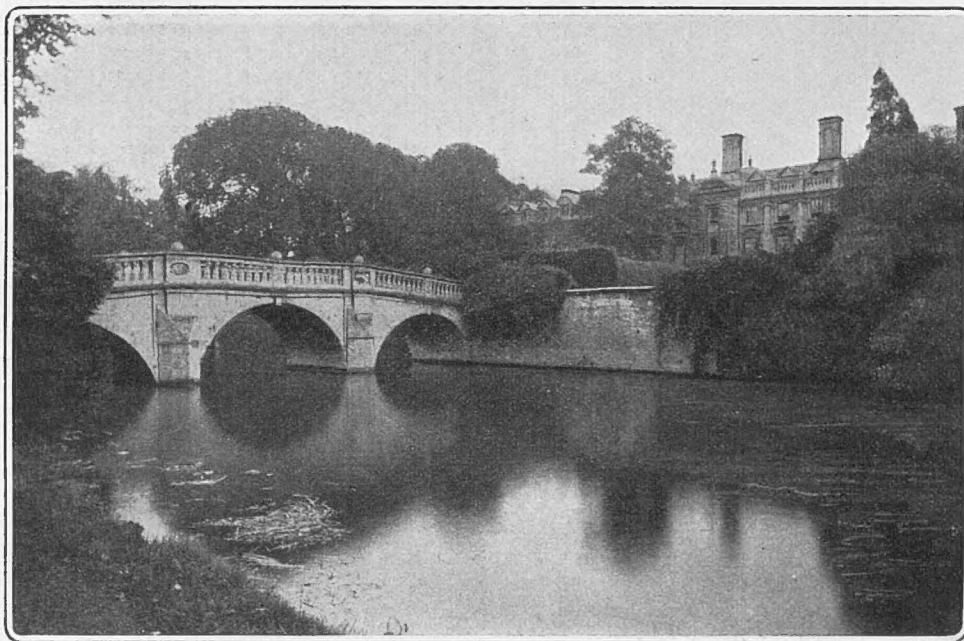
A Military Grievance.

German officers, as everyone probably is aware, constitute in their own country a highly privileged class (writes our Berlin Correspondent). Their social prerogatives are almost unlimited, and they have hitherto enjoyed the undiluted homage of a wealthy *bourgeoisie* anxious to secure uniformed husbands for its daughters. Society has been ardently assisted by literature in the noble task of glorifying the heroic wearers of the Emperor's coat. For generations the dashing Lieutenant, armed not only with his regimental sword, but also with an apparently inexhaustible supply of Cupid's arrows, has played a leading part both on the stage and in the novels of the day. He has been depicted, in faultless moral attire, as the ideal ruler of the romantic maiden's heart.

But a change has now come over the treatment of military subjects, and great is the grievance of the German officers. Novel-writers, beginning with Franz Adam Beyerlein, whose "Jena oder Sedan?" still heads the popularity lists of the lending libraries, have actually ventured to describe military abuses and to exhibit officers in a far from amiable light. The stage has imitated the example of literature, and, as "Zapfenstreich" nightly demonstrates, with unparalleled financial success. But the summit of "calumny," so officers complain, is attained by Baron von Schlicht, a popular author, who has just issued a novel entitled "First-class Men." It is a tale of life in one of the crack regiments of the Guards whose officers' corps was composed exclusively of the scions of nobility until the fatal day on which the

Emperor departed from the usual custom and conferred a commission in it on the son of a wealthy manufacturer.

"First-class Men." Of course, the scions of nobility, the self-styled "first-class men," refused to associate with their *bourgeois* comrade on terms of intimacy. They bent their ingenuity to securing his dismissal or retirement from the regiment. In the course of the tale, these "first-class men" are shown to commit almost every sin in the Decalogue, not to speak of the vices that have been invented since the Biblical days. Filled with a narrow-minded spirit of caste, they appear to be quite ignorant of the dictates of *noblesse oblige*. Baron von Schlicht cannot escape the reproach of excessive generalisation; but what chiefly impresses me in the military denunciations of his novel is the calm assumption that, both on the stage and in literature, the German officer should be treated in an uncritical spirit of patriotic adulation.



THE KING'S VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE: CLARE COLLEGE AND BRIDGE.
Photograph by R. A. R. Bennett, Oxford.



THE KING'S VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE: EMMANUEL COLLEGE.
Photograph by Mr. Bingley.

*Lady Muriel
Gordon-Lennox.*

The engagement of a Duke's daughter is always of interest to a large section of the world, especially when the young lady in question belongs to so noted a family as that of Gordon-Lennox. The present Duke of Richmond has been singularly blessed in his children. His eldest son and heir, Lord March, not only distinguished himself in South Africa, but has shown himself in every way admirably fitted to fill the position of the heir to such a dukedom as that in which is merged the famous Scottish one of Gordon. The Duke's elder daughters, those by his first marriage, are the one Lady Evelyn Cotterell, and the other Lady Violet Brassey, the new mistress of Apethorpe. Captain Beckwith's bride-elect is the eldest of the Duke of Richmond's daughters by his second marriage, and she has not long been out, for she is only nineteen. Her mother was the lovely Miss Isabel Craven, and was herself married to the then Lord March when scarcely out of the school-room.

Lady Kensington.

Lady Kensington belongs to the important group of youthful hostesses whose marriages took place last year. She was Miss Mabel Pilkington, a member of the popular Lancashire family of whom it has been said that all the daughters are beauties and all the sons sportsmen. Of course, now she takes her



LADY KENSINGTON, A WELL-KNOWN PEMBROKESHIRE HOSTESS.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

place among the great Pembrokeshire hostesses, and she has already made herself well liked in the neighbourhood of St. Bride's, near which picturesque watering-place is the soldier-peer's beautiful country home. Unlike most of the ground-landlords of London, both the present Lord Kensington and his late brother, whose death was one of the many tragedies of the South African War, sold the immensely valuable estates possessed by them in the West-End.

*A New Norwegian
Order.*

A new Order of Knighthood, called the Lion of Norway, has just been instituted by King Oscar. It is something like our Order of Merit, for the members will be limited to twelve, all of whom must have rendered eminent services to their country or have performed some remarkably brilliant action. Before a man can enter the Order of the Lion of Norway he must already possess the Grand Cross of St. Olaf. The decoration is a silver star of eight rays, in the middle of which is a globe bearing the Lion of Norway. Round the globe is a circle of gold, with four lions and four monograms of the King. On Collar days, a gold collar of eight lions and nine monograms alternately is worn, with an oval medallion in gold surmounted by a crown, and in the centre a red globe with the King's motto, "Over the deep towards Heaven." The ribbon of the Order is navy-blue with red and white stripes. In addition to the twelve Norwegian members, there may be nominated Sovereigns and members of reigning families whom it is considered expedient to honour.

The Grand Duke Boris, who is soon to start for the Far East, is the second, and considered by some people to be by far the most interesting, of the three sons of the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess Vladimir. Should the present Emperor and his only brother die without male heirs, Vladimir will become Emperor, and there are many who regard his sons as their future rulers. Of the three brothers, the Grand Duke Boris is the cleverest; he has always been attached to the splendid regiment known as "The Golden Hussars," and he is likely to become in time the Russian Commander-in-Chief. He is interested in architecture, and not long ago he built for himself at Tsarskoe a half-gable timber house exactly like a British Elizabethan mansion. A London firm supplied the fittings, and for a while "the house Duke Boris built" aroused much good-natured Court comment. The young Prince, who is physically a splendid specimen of the Romanoff race, may live to see himself Emperor, owing to the curious reason that his elder brother is known to be in love with one of his first-cousins, and, as such marriages are strictly forbidden by the Greek Church, should he become her husband he will have to resign his claim to the throne.

LADY MURIEL GORDON-LENNOX,
ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN BECKWITH (COLDSTREAM GUARDS).
Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.THE GRAND DUKE BORIS OF RUSSIA, WHO IS GOING TO
"THE FRONT."*Photograph by Otto, Paris*

Admiral Sir A. H. Markham.

Among our gallant rulers of the sea there are few who can look back to a fuller record of service for Sovereign and country than can Admiral Sir Albert Hastings Markham, whose personality is sometimes foolishly confounded with that of Sir Clements Markham. Admiral Markham was, so to speak, born in the Navy, his father having been a distinguished Naval officer, in whose footsteps he followed at the age of fifteen. He began well by serving eight years on the China Station, and ultimately taking part in the fall of Peking and the suppression of the Taiping Rebellion. Very different was the service rendered to his country when he commanded the *Alert* in the Arctic Expedition sent out in 1875. It was then that he succeeded in planting the Union Jack in the highest latitude then reached by living man. Even when not actually employed by the Admiralty, the Admiral spent his time in voyages of exploration, one of his feats in that direction earning him the thanks of the Canadian Government. He is a keen sportsman and naturalist, and among the experiences to which he looks back with the greatest delight is a whaling expedition undertaken by him to Baffin's Bay. Admiral Markham stood high in the favour of the late Queen, by whom he was often asked to Osborne, and he is also on intimate terms with our present Sovereign, whose birth took place, by the way, just two days before his own. In his domestic life the gallant Admiral is very fortunate, his wife, a Scotch lady, being the reigning beauty of Naval circles.

Athletic girls, according to a contemporary, seldom make good housekeepers. This pronouncement has so perturbed a timid correspondent that he has tremblingly indited the following lines "To an Athletic Spouse"—

I am not old-fashioned, I trust;
I like to see damsels athletic;
I never could care for the languorous air
Of the maid who would pose as æsthetic.
But, Mabel, since say it I must,
For the grievance I cherish is real,
Devotion to sport is a little bit short
Of the perfect young housewife's ideal.

You're a capital angler, it's clear—
If once a trout rises you hook it;
But when you have landed your fish single-handed,
Oh! think you, my dear, you could cook it?
At tennis, your service, I hear,
Has quite the American cut on:
But, say, are you able to dress for the table
A cut off a shoulder of mutton?

Your muscles are firmer than steel—
If you only just tap one it hurts;
Of course, it's not wrong to be healthy and strong,
But can you sew buttons on shirts?
So hear what I say, for I feel
That the truth it were folly to shirk,
I want for my wife a helpmeet through life,
And I *don't* want a Terrible Turk.

The Queen's Collies. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the Queen cares only for one or two breeds of dogs; on the contrary, Her Majesty is particularly fond of many breeds which have gone more or less out of fashion. Collies were special favourites of Queen Victoria; they have always been bred at the Windsor kennels, and Queen Alexandra owns some perfect specimens, one



SOME OF THE QUEEN'S COLLIES.

Photograph by Salmon, New Bond Street, W.

of which she presented as a parting gift to the Queen of Italy. This particular collie had a rough coat, but many dog-fanciers now prefer the smooth-haired varieties. It is amazing to note how fashionable the breeding of dogs has become of late years. As might



ADMIRAL SIR ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Martin Jacolette.

have been expected, the "smart" dog of the moment is the Japanese spaniel, and as much as five hundred guineas has been given for a perfect specimen. More rare and also more valuable is the Pekinese spaniel, of which the chief lady fancier is Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox. Most dog-lovers, headed by our gracious Queen, have their pets immortalised in miniature, and their Majesties' last Christmas gift to Queen Victoria was a dog-miniature painted by Mrs. Massey.

A Popular Labour Member.

If Mr. Will Crooks could be spoiled, his character would be in danger from the praise of fellow members. His speech on the unemployed was a great Parliamentary success. Listeners were either roaring with laughter or struggling against tears. At one passage the Speaker held a copy of the "Orders" in front of his face to conceal his emotion. Mr. Crooks is a man of genius from that East-End world which is stranger to many members than South Africa. His style is fresh and natural and his voice is sonorous, and he is so earnest that all members listen with respect. With more experience he may become a great power. It will be unsafe, however, to try to make him a Parliamentary pet. There are depths of passion in him.

The Government Whip.

Troubles are coming in battalions to Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, the Chief Whip for the Government. Although their nominal majority still reaches three figures, so many of their men are either disaffected or indifferent that constant care will be required to avoid a surprise defeat. Probably Sir Alexander would like to apply Army discipline to some of the young men who sit below the Gangway on the Unionist side. It is very trying for an ex-Captain of the Guards to tolerate insubordination at St. Stephen's. Sir Alexander, a typical Guardsman in appearance, sits for the Somerset constituency which his father represented. He has just completed his fiftieth year. During the first two years of this Parliament he held a Household office, and Mr. Balfour, on becoming Prime Minister, appointed him Patronage Secretary to the Treasury. That is the official function of the Chief Whip.



Small Talk on the Boulevards.

PARISIANS, when you talk to them about the customs and the manners of the tripper from our right little, tight little island, will tell you that a cabman in the centre of the city will, if hailed by a Briton who cannot explain himself quickly, drive his fare without further question to the Morgue: as long as daylight lasts; and to the Moulin Rouge or the Moulin de la Galette from half-past eight till midnight (writes our Paris Correspondent). They will smile gently, spread their hands in fan-like fashion, and, with that most expressive of all shoulder-shrugs, the shoulder-shrug which pities the benighted foreigner, will say: "But what will you? You are so long with us, my friend, that you, you are Parisian. But the others? Mist'ers and Misses, your compatriots, my faith, they take their pleasure where they find it, is it not? They go to the Morgue."

Parisian Morbidity. And yet I doubt if we be much more morbid than are our Latin neighbours. I was impressed—unpleasantly and vividly impressed—by the immense French crowd which gathered round the Morgue on the days following the celluloid explosion and the fatal fire in the Boulevard Sébastopol, which has cost thirteen lives already and may yet cost more. The crowd (I culled my figures from policemen on the spot) numbered full fifty thousand, and in some cases force was necessary to prevent men and women from rushing the police barrier guarding the entrance to the squat little building where the bodies of the victims were exposed. This wild anxiety to get in and to see the bodies was not due to a fear that they were those of friends or relatives, for at the time the greatest rush took place the charred corpses had all been identified. There is a curiously morbid craving for the sight of victims of any accident in Paris. In ordinary times the Morgue is filled with loiterers the whole day long, and between twelve and one o'clock, during the hour allotted for the mid-day meal in factories and workshops, the crush there is terrific.

A Street-scene. I understand a foreigner watching a Paris street-accident, for there is nothing more quaintly typical of the Parisian character than such a scene as I saw yesterday.

A horse had fallen. It was a mere cab-horse, just such a Paris cab-horse as any gust of wind might blow into the gutter any day, and two policemen, a *pâtissier's* boy, and three work-girls who hold arms and giggle have stepped up to see it. The cabman lashes at the horse, till somebody—I think, and hope, an Englishman—interferes, whereupon one of the policemen produces a pencil and a note-book and takes down his name—the interferer's name, I mean, of course. He writes a page or two about the incident, while the crowd, really big by now, states its opinion of the interferer, his dress and appearance, and expresses forcibly its contempt of all foreigners, and of this one in particular. The only uninterested item in the gathering is the cab-horse. It knows that its time has not yet come, so, after breaking one of the shafts (the cab is insured) and trying to bite out a small piece of *pâtissier* to keep it going until dinner-time, it lies quite still and thinks.

"Good Old England."

The street-accident occurred to me because it was at one of them that I met Sem, the caricaturist, for the first time yesterday. He told me—it was just before four o'clock—that he was going to England. An hour and a-half later, when I ran into him just outside W. H. Smith and Son's new shop in the Rue de Rivoli, he told me he had just returned from "good ol' Angleterre," and, when I asked for explanations, pointed to the freshly painted building. "My old one, I have filled a note-book with impressions," he declared; "and the light in there is far better than in your fog-ridden London. Besides, there is no *mal-de-mer* to fear when all the crossing is the Rue Cambon; the railway-fare is also cheaper." And certainly the stationery, book, newspaper, and tea dépôt which has been Neal's Library since 1878, and is Smith's latest thing in bookstalls now, makes a home-like impression. You get real tea there, and real toast, and—think of it, ye exiled readers of *The Sketch*—muffins and crumpets likewise. *The Sketch* and its contemporaries are to be bought or handled, too, and, best of all, you step right out of Paris when you cross the threshold and into—well, let us say, Notting Hill Gate. French people feel a long way from home inside these British precincts, "h's"—real 'ome haitches, not the emasculate French kind—sprinkle the floor, and, in a word, Smith's Library is the Land of Cockaigne.



W. H. SMITH AND SON'S IN PARIS: A STATIONERY, BOOK, "SKETCH," AND TEA DÉPÔT.

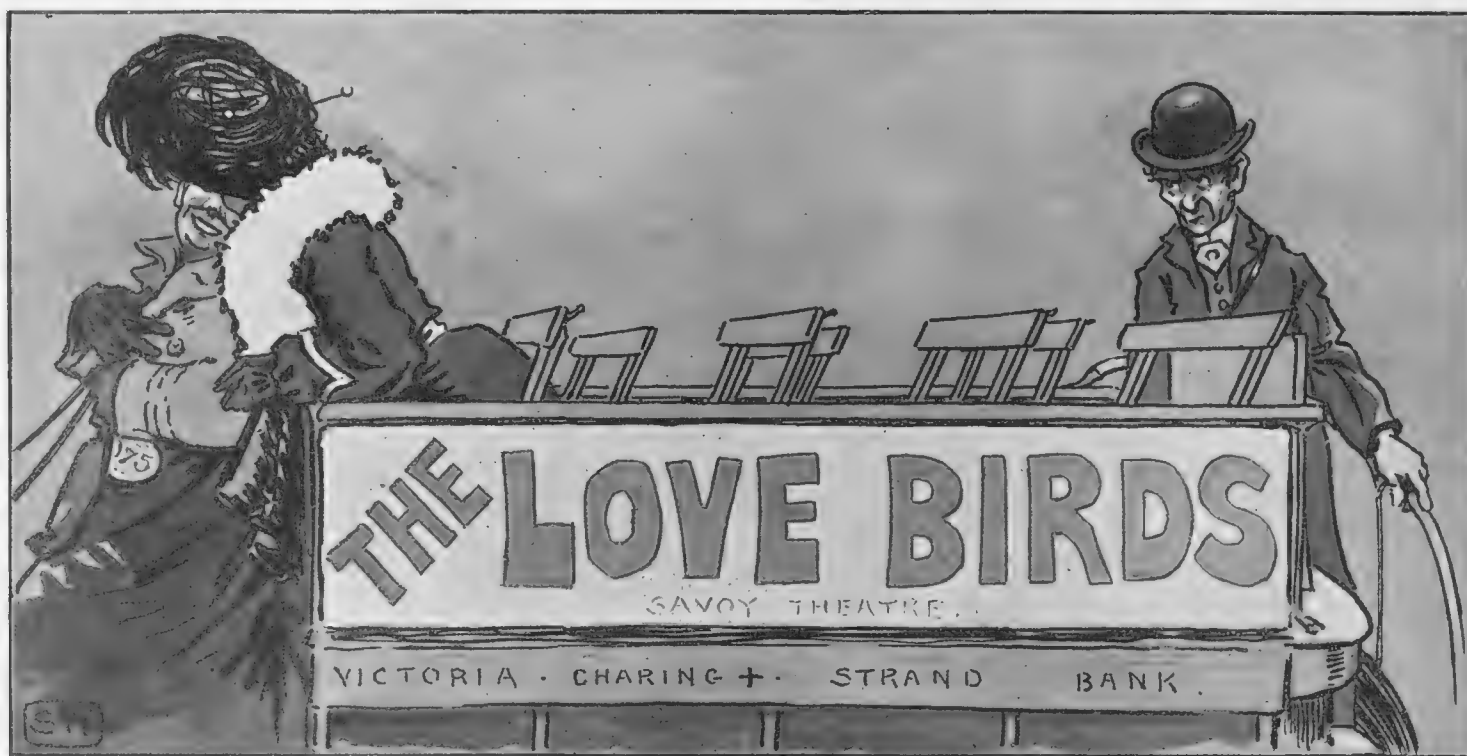
MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

THE arts of war are being developed on lines that escaped the prescience of Mr. H. G. Wells himself. My morning paper has given me several choice examples of the new warfare in the past three weeks. While Japan proceeds to sink or disable her enemy's warships, bombard his forts, and land soldiers in the country she proposes to acquire, Russia is not idle. She is making a tremendous reply—on paper. For others the stern warfare of torpedoes and shells; the Great Bear of the European and Asiatic constellation is launching terrific counter-attacks. The first might be paraphrased like this: "You horrid, mean, Asiatic thing; you hit me when I wasn't looking." Number two strikes a stronger note: "You wait until I'm ready to hit you back; then you will be sorry you were ever born." Number three is addressed to the Powers: "You see what these nasty yellow people are doing? They are seizing Korea, and we agreed that the integrity of Korea was to be maintained, didn't we?" In righteous indignation, the Bear drops the Manchurian side of the question altogether. Perhaps he will drop Manchuria, too, before long. "Inshallah!"

given further proof of his pacific intentions by ordering seven torpedo-boat destroyers from Ansaldo's, at Genoa, and Armstrong's, at Sestri Ponente. This matter is not so alarming as it seems, for the Sublime Porte is far better at giving orders than in paying for them, and will probably prove unable to foot the bill. So, in the end, we may find Japan or Great Britain adding seven destroyers, all well-made and fairly low-priced, to their well-equipped fleet, while Little Englanders demand from the First Lord why he will go on spending the nation's money for Naval purposes.

I read with regret of a terrible affair that took place last week in Paris. Two gentlemen, MM. Damotte and Dubois, had quarrelled and expressed themselves so strongly that a duel was necessary. The combatants met near the Big Wheel on the Champ de Mars. Half-a-dozen or more non-combatants surrounded the intrepid fighting-men, and one of them, M. Laberdesque, himself an habitual duellist, says it was a fearful sight—he never saw one more thrilling. For MM. Damotte and Dubois were striving in all seriousness to hurt one



[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

AN IDYLL OF THE STRAND.

My sympathy goes out to the enterprising dailies that have despatched their quires or half-quires of Correspondents to the seat of war only to receive from them a mass of uninteresting, not to say fabulous, news that is dear at the price demanded by the Cable Companies. The choir of the Fourth Estate is dumb. From the second day of the war, when eleven to fourteen Japanese ships-of-war were sunk and Port Arthur was in flames, presumably by way of contrast, there has been no lull in the supply of rumour. One day, the Japs are repulsed on the Yalu; on the day following, the Russians have their turn, and lose two thousand five hundred men, four destroyers, seventy miles of railway, a pilot-boat, and a waggon-load of flour. Then Japan's cruisers suffer a sea-change and are reported to have been sunk by some determined little Russian gunboat whose Captain, before he departs this life, finds time to make one or two appropriate remarks that always find a reporter within hearing.

My morning paper's temperate warnings suggest to me that before we are much older the Near East will dispute with the Far East for chief place in the public attention. Now Russia is tied up in the neighbourhood of Japan and is looking forward to rather an exciting spring and summer in the "Flowery Land," our old friend, the "Sick Man," seems exceedingly anxious to punish the Bulgars for sympathising with the miserable surviving inhabitants of the Macedonian vilayets. The Bulgarians are ready to respond to any attack—indeed, they are only too eager to tread on the tail of the Padishah's coat; and, though both Turkey and Bulgaria assure St. Petersburg that they have no wish to fight, they continue to arm apace. The Father of the Faithful has

another, and one of them succeeded, by one of the direct acts of Providence that will upset the best-laid plans of French duellists. The Director of the Fight had called "Halt!"—fearing that if the battle waged much longer somebody would be hurt. Alas, he was too late! M. Damotte had received a prod in the ankle from the opponent's sword. A very great sensation was caused by this untoward accident, though outwardly the battalion of non-combatants remained profoundly calm. But the great heart of our near and dear neighbour is stirred, and I gather from my paper that any more of these awful catastrophes may put an end to the duello altogether. People are beginning to realise that duelling is almost as dangerous as golf or hunting.

Did not some rude person who flourished before Mr. Crosland declare that to enable a Scot to see a joke a preliminary surgical operation was necessary? If so, Bonnie Scotland may be said to preserve its reputation. My paper tells of a gentleman in Kilmarnock who hoaxed the town into believing for a few hours that Mr. Carnegie was going to devote some more of his superfluous millions to the erection of a Burns Temple. The unfortunate Bailie who dared to think that his countrymen could take a joke has apologised humbly, has paid fifty pounds to a local hospital, has metaphorically gone in sackcloth and ashes to the local Council. This Bailie has been a magistrate in Kilmarnock for years, is known for his charity and good works, but he has had to suffer an indignation-meeting, and now his conduct is being investigated by a Committee! Who said that Dogberry was dead?

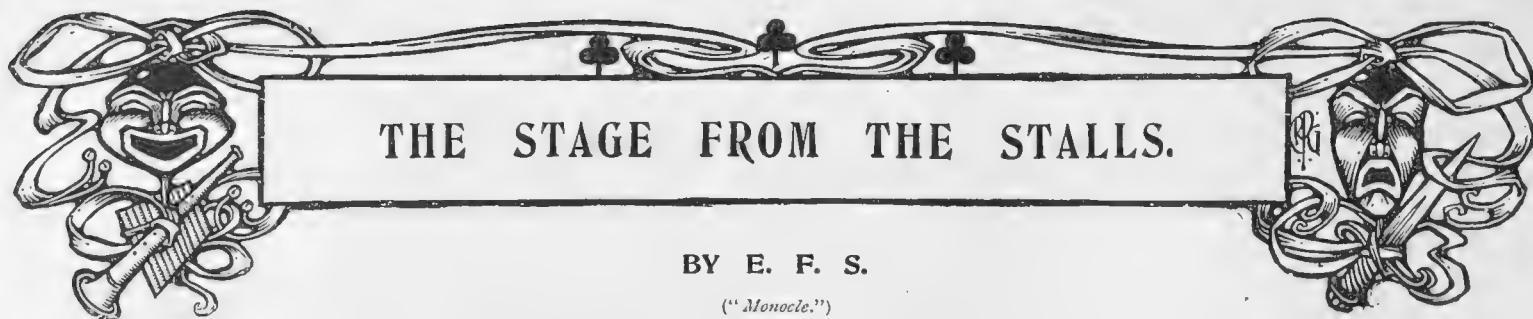
THE WAR: TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE RUSSIANS AT WORK.



ADMIRAL ALEXEIEFF RECEIVING REPORTS.



A COSSACK OUTPOST IN MANCHURIA.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE ARM OF THE LAW"—"OLD CLOTHES"—"THE DARLING OF THE GUARDS"—"AMORELLE"—"A MAN OF HONOUR."

IT really seems worth while, during the week of rest after feverish energy in the theatres, to reconsider some of the plays produced and merely touched upon last week. "The Arm of the Law," of course, is peculiarly interesting to a limb of the law, and I cannot keep back a few remarks touching its legal aspect that may render some points clearer to an English audience than they may appear at present in the very successful play. Everybody knows that in England the Judicial Bench is recruited from the Bar, and that, with few exceptions, there is no advancement in judicial offices. For instance, no County Court Judge has ever reached the High Court, although it is of common knowledge in the profession that several of those blessed with fifteen hundred pounds a-year and obscurity are better Judges than Mr. Justice X. and Mr. Justice Y., who rejoice in a knighthood, five thousand pounds a-year, and prodigious circulation for their weakest jests. In France the system is radically different. The Bench is not recruited from the Bar: a man goes into what may be called the judicial profession and begins his career, whilst barely more than a youth, by being a sort of Assistant Judge. It is not a lucrative career; indeed, the richest prizes are poor compared with what is received by our Judges, and it may be added that Judges are as numerous in France as Colonels in America. On the other hand, there is an elaborate system of promotion. To take quasi-analogous cases, you may start with being a local Judge at Bury St. Edmunds, work up to Ipswich, get promoted to Nottingham, arrive at Manchester, and finally achieve London, with a growth in dignity and salary at each move; also you may move in the opposite direction.

At one time, the pay being very bad, only people of fortune went into the career, and politics played a comparatively minor part, though Balzac's readers know something of the seamy side of promotion. Nowadays, the career is not recruited from so good a class: politicians interfere more actively than of old, and scandals are not rare. Indeed, a part of Brioux' play, omitted in the English version, deals with the corrupt intervention of a Deputy. It is rather a pity this was cut out, seeing that the play, as it stands, seems to suggest that promotion depends absolutely on success in procuring convictions.

It must be remembered, too, that the spirit of fair play, the most distinguishing characteristic of the Briton, amounts to little in French criminal procedure. We, it may be observed, push ideas of fair play to extravagant limits, whilst the prosecution in France goes too far in the other direction. Certainly our neighbours hardly act on the presumption that a man is innocent until convicted. On the other hand, their attitude in considering the interest of the State paramount to that of the prisoner is not altogether indefensible. The practical difference between the two systems is that a larger number of innocent people are committed for trial in England, and a larger number of guilty are acquitted than in France. Of course, Mouzon in the play is not a fair type of *Juge d'Instruction*, nor is Etchepare, a Basque with extravagant sentiment on the point of honour, a fair type of criminal. Still, undoubtedly the French system of preliminary examination, of which an exceptional instance is presented at the Garrick Theatre, has led to abuses which recent legislation has sought to remedy.

On the other hand, a Frenchman may easily point out to us that a system under which an innocent man often is committed for trial by a magistrate whose means of investigating facts are absurdly limited, and is left in jail, as sometimes happens, for months ere brought to trial, is hardly one of which we ought to be proud; and also that the numerous cases where habitual criminals are acquitted by a Jury ignorant of a career that leaves the Judge no doubt as to their guilt are hardly to our credit. It may be added that we go too far in our desire to prevent untrustworthy confessions from being acted upon. Of course, we are very proud of our system, and have an insular contempt for that of the French; but, in reality, neither of us is really entitled to cast the first stone. It is, at least, the advantage of the methods presented in "The Arm of the Law" that they are vastly more dramatic than ours, and that M. Brioux and the translator, whose name is concealed with needless modesty, have based on it a very thrilling drama, the interest in which would be heightened if, in the details of costume and deportment, a more accurately foreign flavour were secured.

Mrs. Anstruther's one-Act play, "Old Clothes," which precedes "The Arm of the Law," is the first dramatic venture of a lady who has written many admirable short stories, and therefore deserves consideration. Despite a noticeable freshness, it is somewhat disappointing, chiefly, perhaps, because the author has attempted to pack too much into it. The entertaining scene showing a young married woman selling her soiled finery to an old-clothes dealer hardly leads one to the frame of mind in which to consider the little drama which exhibits a wise old husband winning the gratitude—and, presumably, the love—of his foolish young wife; one wants to know far more than is or could be told in the space concerning this ill-assorted couple before being ripe for the chief moment of the play. It is not unlikely that the fault is due to the fact that the work has been adapted from a story, and the authoress tries to preserve too much of the original. There is sufficient cleverness in the piece to make one hope that Mrs. Anstruther will try again, and bear in mind that it is far easier to treat an idea conceived as subject for a play than to adapt one conceived as basis for a story.

"The Darling of the Guards" is the most ambitious burlesque of a current play attempted for some time, and its introduction has considerably enlivened "The School Girl." Although it has, perhaps, rather too much of the old Gaiety burlesque style to get a fair percentage of the humours derivable from a skit upon the pseudo-Japanese play, there is plenty of fun in the travesty, and Mr. Arthur Roberts, if not startlingly successful as a mimic, causes a great deal of laughter. It is noticeable that a great deal of burlesquing is going on at present in a rather humble way. For instance, there is "The Love Birds" burlesque of a scene from Mr. Tree's production, noteworthy on the first-night for the disresemblance of the mimic to the original; and also, in another musical comedy, part of "The Admirable Crichton" is travestied. Seeing how long the last independent burlesque ran, it seems curious that no one produces a work of this class on a serious scale. London is rich in mimics capable of rendering the affair very amusing.

"Amorelle," the latest musico-dramatic work, makes an effort to be comic opera, but is not quite consistent with the standard. It is, to some extent, a one-part work, and, seeing that Mr. Willie Edouin plays the one part, playgoers will guess that, when it is thoroughly in shape, the entertainment at the Comedy, if a little bewildering at times, will cause plenty of amusement. The music of Mr. Gaston Serpette is lively and unpretentious and some of the situations are amusing, notably one in the second Act. Doubtless, by now Mr. Edouin has found his feet, and Miss Mabelle Gilman, one of the most attractive and talented of the American performers of her class, was at home in her part from the first. It is only fair to add that Miss Claire Romaine, Miss Le Hay, and Mr. Barraclough were successful in pleasing the audience.

The news that "A Man of Honour" is to be transferred, since the lease of the Avenue was too short, may be regarded as good news. There were those who gloomily suggested that so grim a play, by an author unknown to playgoers and presented without "stars," had little chance of success, despite its fine quality and an admirable performance; one can hardly blame the pessimists for being wrong. It would be agreeable if the author were to reconsider the alterations made in the ending. For, as it stands, the last Act seems to me to have very little more of the elements of popularity in it than was possessed by the original, and the play certainly has lost some force and subtlety by reason of the changes. Indeed, one is insufficiently prepared for the hero's revulsion of feeling when his gladness at the thought of freedom overcomes sorrow and remorse. No doubt, this ending of the play concerning the gentleman who weds a barnmaid from pity and a sense of duty towards the girl of inferior position whom he has ruined has caused much trouble to Mr. Maugham ever since he determined to write a "Caste" in which the Esther should be essentially vulgar and incapable of improvement, and many schemes have come to his mind. He has had the courage to avoid the temptation to adopt the idea brilliantly treated by Zola in "Thérèse Raquin," of showing poor Jenny dead as a greater obstacle to the loves of Basil Kent and Mrs. Murray than Jenny living, but has to pay a penalty in forfeiting a strongly dramatic situation. Miss Muriel Wylford may be congratulated on her courage in producing the play and the great success of her brilliant performance.

"A GOLDEN MESH TO ENTRAP THE HEARTS OF MEN."

—SHAKSPERE.



THE SPIDER.

DRAWN BY LEONARD LINSDELL.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

TRADITION attributes the foundation of Arundel Castle to Sir Bevis, a legendary hero well known to readers of romance, who, as Warder of the Castle, is said to have inhabited the tower, which still bears his name, and to have received a weekly maintenance, consisting of two hogsheads of beer, a whole ox, bread,



THE OLD GATEWAY, ARUNDEL CASTLE.

and mustard. This giant's sword, "Morglay," was long preserved at the Castle, and a mound in the park is still shown as his grave, while Arundel is said to be a corruption of the name of the knight's famous white horse, "Hirondelle."

Leaving romance and tradition for the prosaic land of fact, the herring-bone masonry of the foundations of the Keep—which is the oldest part of the Castle—proves it to be a genuine work of antiquity, probably belonging to the Druidic period. Authentic mention is made as early as 877, when the immortal Alfred bequeathed the "Manor at Arundel and its neighbouring lordships to Anthelm, his brother's son." From Anthelm it passed to the redoubtable Earl Godwin, whose son Harold, also Earl of Arundel, left the Castle to perish close by on the battlefield of Hastings.

As the Castle belonged to the Saxon and early Norman Kings, its Royal tenant naturally assumed the title of Earl or Viceroy of Arundel, and hence, probably, it comes that, despite the universal abolition of peerage by tenure, Arundel still retains the privilege. Thus, should the Duke of Norfolk ever part with the Castle, its purchaser, whoever it might be, would, as a matter of course, become Earl of Arundel.

Henry I. settled Arundel Castle in dower upon his second Queen, Adeliza of Louvain, and this unhappy lady led a dreary existence there till after the death of this monarch, when she married William de Albini, an ancestor of the Duke of Norfolk, who became, in her right, Earl of Arundel.

In the reign of Charles I. the Castle was a coveted point by the Royalists and Parliamentarians, and was taken and re-taken by both parties several times, until a final protracted siege in 1643 by Sir William Waller, the leader of the Cromwellian troops, reduced it almost to a state of ruin, in which it remained for nearly a century, when it was made habitable again.

Under the present Duke, who succeeded his father as fifteenth Duke of Norfolk in 1860, Arundel Castle has been very beautifully restored in the original style of Early English architecture; indeed, a million sterling is said to have been expended by his Grace, to whom it has descended through seven centuries of inheritance. As it now stands, Arundel Castle, with its battlemented walls and turrets and ancient Keep, crowning one of the lovely Sussex hills, overlooking the winding River Arun and the quaint little township of Arundel, makes a most imposing picture, and is indeed a worthy residence for the first nobleman of England, who comes of the Blood Royal of England and France, and can, besides, claim descent from the illustrious Hereward the Saxon, who was one of the last to hold out against the Conqueror.

The chief entrance to the Castle is through a noble Norman gateway flanked by two projecting towers, the family Arms being boldly carved above the arch, surmounted by the Howard Lion. Following the carriage-drive, we see on the left the old Keep, a circular building of enormous strength, erected on an artificial mound and connected by the main curtain-wall with the eleventh-century Gatehouse, which is approached by a drawbridge over the fosse, and still possesses its old oak doors and portcullis; this is the only entrance to the inner quadrangle from which access to the interior of the Castle is obtainable.

Within, also, the same perfect Early English style has been maintained; nowhere is paper or paint to be seen, but plain stone walls standing forth in all simplicity, while immense mediæval fireplaces are truly picturesque to look at, if somewhat inconveniently smoky "when winds blow high." A special feature is the woodwork of the Castle, on which prodigious sums must have been expended; nothing can exceed the beauty of the ceilings, which are of fine oak, mahogany, or cedar, the massive doors and wall-panelling of the rooms being in every case *en suite*.

The finest apartment in the Castle is the Banqueting Hall, which is a hundred and thirty-three feet long, with a Minstrels' Gallery, supported by a fine oak screen, at the north end, and a Ladies' Gallery at the south end, above the dais which in olden days would have been occupied by those privileged "to sit above the salt." The height of this noble hall is particularly worthy of note, as from the oaken floor to the ledge of the hammer-beam roof the measurement is fifty-seven feet.

Students of heraldry will find special interest in the cornice of the South Drawing-room, which is embellished with the shields and armorial bearings of the dukedom of Norfolk and the numerous earldoms and baronies which, in course of time, have become submerged in it, to whose number will now be added the fine old barony of Herries.

An article on Arundel Castle would be incomplete without at least a mention of the beautiful park of over eleven thousand acres, which is well stocked with deer; as also of the picturesque dairy, an octagonal building surmounted by a cupola and lantern, surrounded by a projecting colonnade, beautifully carved in the Tudor style, with the Howard Lion and Fitzalan Horse at each corner: the exterior of this dainty structure is of panelled oak, and the interior of the purest porcelain tiles, and, with its surrounding terraced walks and ornamental gardens, the whole savours of the exquisite Petit Trianon at Versailles.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Photographs by Valentine and Sons.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.

XXXVIII.—ARUNDEL CASTLE, THE SUSSEX SEAT OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.



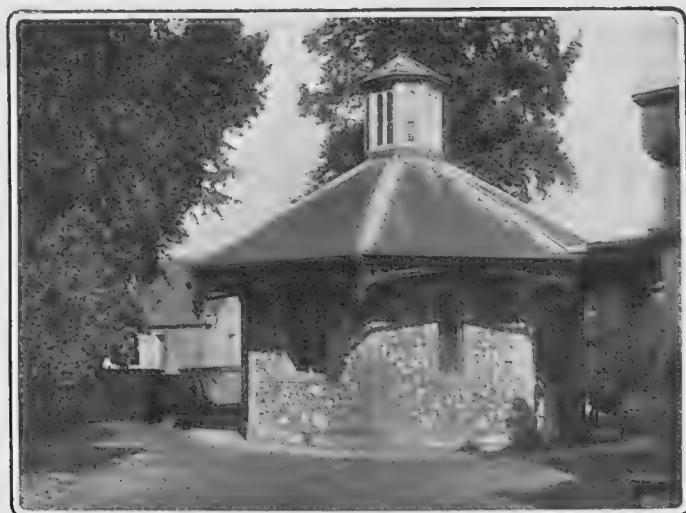
THE ENTRANCE-GATE.



THE CASTLE AND BRIDGE.



THE COURTYARD.



THE DAIRY.



THE CASTLE PARK.

Photographs by Valentine and Sons.

THE MOST TERRIBLE WEAPON IN THE WORLD. By H. C. FYFE.

"THE next great Naval War will bestow upon the torpedo and its users a halo of romance which will eclipse entirely that surrounding the gun and the ram." Thus wrote a naval expert some short time ago, and it would seem that his prophecy is likely to come true. Torpedoes are divided into two classes: (1) Uncontrollable, (2) Controllable. Class 1 comprises projectile, rocket, drifting, and automobile torpedoes; the last-named are now practically the only kind of uncontrollable torpedo employed. In nearly all Navies the "Whitehead" is the type adopted; the German uses the "Schwartzkopff," which differs only from the former in that it is made of phosphor-bronze instead of steel. Controllable torpedoes comprise spar, towing, dirigible, locomotive, and automobile. Great Britain has adopted the "Brennan" locomotive torpedo for coast-defence only, and she still retains the spar torpedo, although it is doubtful if it would ever be used in a naval engagement.

The first Whitehead fish-torpedo was produced in 1866, but it was a very much less terrible engine of destruction than it is to-day. It was built of steel, was 14 in. in diameter, 16 in. at the fins, and weighed 300 lb. Its explosive-charge was 18 lb. of dynamite. The motive-power was compressed air and charged to a pressure of about 700 lb. to the square inch, and the air-chamber was made of ordinary boiler-plates. The speed was only six knots for a short distance. It ran beneath the waves, it was independent of outside aid when once started, and its motive-power was superior both to steam and clock-work. Still, it was by no means a perfectly reliable weapon, and its great fault was that it failed to keep a uniform depth in the water.

By 1868, Mr. Whitehead had invented the "balance"-chamber—which has since proved a very effective means of controlling the depth of the torpedo—and a Committee of Austrian naval officers experimented with two Whiteheads, the result being the adoption of the Whitehead by the Austrian Government.

Although the Austrian Government purchased the secret of the Whitehead torpedo, they were unable to secure the exclusive right of manufacture. On the invitation of the British Admiralty, Mr. Whitehead came to England in 1870, bringing with him two torpedoes and a submerged tube.

After trials, the Committee of Investigation reported that in their opinion "any maritime nation failing to provide itself with submarine locomotive torpedoes would be neglecting a great source of power both for offence and defence." Acting on this verdict, the English Government, in April 1871, purchased the secret and right of manufacture of the Whitehead torpedo for £15,000. Several different patterns of the Whitehead torpedo are turned out at the various factories, but they all resemble each other in their main characteristics.

The "baby," as the seaman calls it, is a cigar-shaped object made of steel or of phosphor-bronze. It is divided into compartments, and in the foremost of these is placed in war-time an explosive charge of 200 lb. of gun-cotton. At the head is the end of a pointed rod penetrating the explosive, and when the torpedo comes into contact with any solid object the point of the rod is driven in against a

detonator, which explodes the charge and tears a hole in the ship's bottom. Aft of the explosive-chamber comes the air-chamber; herein is stored the compressed air which acts as the motive-power of the torpedo. Behind this is the "balance"-chamber, where the automatic

steering-apparatus is fixed. Aft of this are the engines; these are worked by the compressed air from the air-chamber and revolve a shaft on to the end of which are two screw-propellers working in opposite directions. Furthest aft of all is another hollow air-compartment, termed the buoyancy-chamber. There are four rudders, two horizontal for steering from right to left, and two vertical for maintaining the proper depth.

The Whitehead is divided into eight sections: (1) The firing arrangement, (2) The explosive-chamber, (3) The air-chamber, (4) The "balance"-chamber, (5) The engine-chamber, (6) The buoyancy-chamber, (7) The bevel-wheel-chamber, (8) The horizontal and vertical rudders and propellers.

Torpedoes are fired in four ways: (1) By submerged tubes, (2) By above-water tubes, (3) By revolving tubes, (4) By boat's "dropping gear."

The torpedo is blown out of the tube either by compressed air suddenly injected into the rear-end, or by an impulse-charge of a few ounces of powder, usually cordite. The air-pressure varies from 300 lb. to 600 lb. to the square inch, and the powder-charge from 4 oz. to 6½ oz. Submerged tubes are, of course, tubes below the water-line, and all the most recent ships are fitted with these, as their advantages over above-water tubes are universally recognised. After the Chino-Japanese War, all Governments, when demanding designs for warships, made it almost a *sine qua non* that the torpedoes should be discharged from below water. In firing torpedoes from above-water tubes, the torpedo is liable to be hit by the enemy, and it is generally considered that if the tube be hit by even a small projectile it must inevitably explode; the submerged tube affords protection both to the men and the weapon, while the torpedo is less deflected on entering the water. The weight of the submerged tube is some seven tons, two tons more than an above-water one. In order to avoid any possibility of the Whitehead inflicting injury on the vessel firing it, and in order that it may be as little deflected as possible, a guiding-bar is run out of the tube by means of pneumatic power when the torpedo has been placed in it. The guiding-bar holds and guides the torpedo until quite clear of the ship.

Revolving tubes are carried either singly or in pairs on board torpedo-boats and destroyers, and the torpedoes are fired from them by powder-impulse only. "Dropping gear" is used only on second-class torpedo-boats and picket-boats. It consists of a pair of clip-tongs suspended from pivoted davits; the tongs being opened, the torpedo

falls into the water, the engines are set in motion, and it speeds off to do its deadly work.

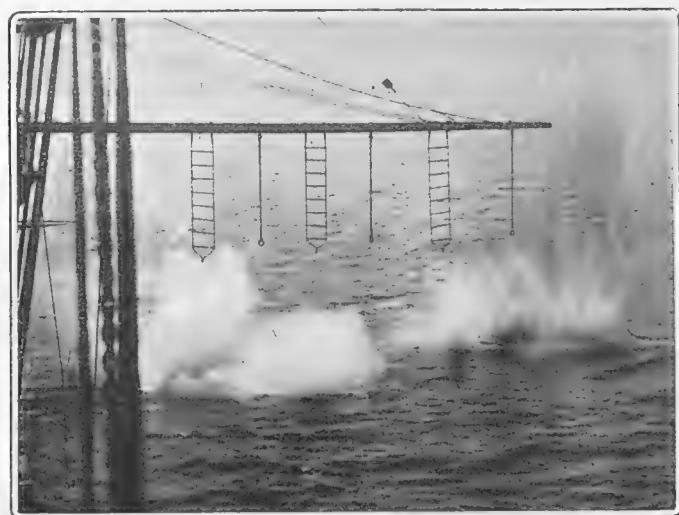
In time of war the torpedo would be discharged by an officer in the conning-tower. By the aid of a torpedo directory, he would make the necessary adjustments and would fire the torpedo down below by pressing his hand on an electric key.



GOING !



GOING !



GONE !

THE FIRING OF A WHITEHEAD AUTOMOBILE FISH-TORPEDO,
AS USED BOTH BY RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

Photographs by G. West and Son, Southsea.

Tennyson's Heroines.

Drawn by H. Forestier.



XII.—"THE PRINCESS."

*"There at a board by tome and paper set,
With two tame leopards couch'd beside her throne,
All beauty compass'd in a female form,
The Princess . . ."*

MR. DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P., THE IDOL OF THE YOUNG LIBERALS.

THE son of a teacher, born at Manchester and brought up by an uncle in Carnarvonshire, and himself a solicitor by profession, Mr. Lloyd-George at the age of forty has secured one of the most conspicuous positions in Parliament. No social influence has

country, that Mr. Lloyd-George has gradually established his reputation, and his rise has been most conspicuous in the present Parliament.

Courage is one of his chief characteristics. He has never missed an opportunity of attacking Mr. Chamberlain. "Go for Joe" is advice more readily given than accepted, but Mr. Lloyd-George marked out the great fighter from the first, and, while others hung back, he rushed at the giant of debate, and, although frequently scarred in the encounters, he has renewed them with increasing vivacity. Mr. Lloyd-George is one of the most humorous and most eloquent men in the House. He has the gift of oratory, and, what is of equal importance in these days, he possesses the debating art. Very keen and quick, he detects the weak point in the adversary and goes straight for it. Thus, he scarcely ever takes part in controversy without giving it a fresh impulse, and he never intervenes without entertaining the House by his brilliant sallies. Even with such qualities, however, his talents might have been wasted. More brilliant men have shone for a time without making a permanent impression because they lacked one thing needful. That is political instinct. Mr. Chamberlain has it, and Mr. Lloyd-George has it.

The corner of the second bench below the Opposition Gangway has become Mr. Lloyd-George's. In front of him sits Mr. Labouchere, behind him during rare visits to Westminster is Mr. Healy, and in the backmost corner is Mr. John Redmond. All the corner-men in this quarter are celebrated and all are closely associated with modern Parliamentary life. Mr. Lloyd-George's bright eyes shine out from his pale face and watch the Government speakers with the keenest expression. He is usually called on when he rises, strangers turn eagerly to look at him, and members hurry in to hear him. In appearance he is not imposing, but his voice sounds pleasantly on the ear, and he brings laughter to a weary, bored House.

It is predicted that Mr. Lloyd-George will step into the next Liberal Cabinet without serving official apprenticeship in a subordinate office. Some of the members who expect to be in the Cabinet must suffer disappointment, as there will not be room for all, but Radicals may enforce the claims of Mr. Lloyd-George just as they enforced those of Mr. Chamberlain in 1880. No doubt, however, his position is already recognised by the Liberal Leaders. He has no rival among the young Liberals. There have been great opportunities for them in recent years, and Mr. Lloyd-George has taken fullest advantage of the opportunities. He is as certain as Mr. Haldane or Mr. Robson to be moved up when the Liberals at last come into office or power, unless he himself prefers the position of an independent Radical. Whether he has administrative ability or constructive statesmanship remains to be proved. Office will be a new test. It is one of the misfortunes of the Liberals that for the last eighteen years they have been fifteen years in Opposition. Thus their young men have received little practical training in administration and government. So far, however, as a member can be tried below the Opposition Gangway, Mr. Lloyd-George has proved himself the equal of Front Bench statesmen and has secured the position of a leader.



GETTING READY FOR "JOE."

backed him; he was never at a University; he owes everything, as he boasts, to the Little Bethel. The rapid rise of the young Welsh Nonconformist has been one of the remarkable features of Liberal life during its long, lean years in Opposition.

Although personally ambitious, Mr. Lloyd-George is far from being a political adventurer. He is distinguished, indeed, by the courage of his convictions. While determined to succeed, he is also determined to make his opinions succeed. He dared even to defy his revered leader, Mr. Gladstone, on Church discipline, and he has ventured to chide Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, with whom he is now on the most cordial terms. In many respects his position resembles that occupied by Mr. Chamberlain on the Radical benches a quarter of a century ago, and he is held up as an ogre, just as Mr. Chamberlain was held up, to frighten away the Whigs. His attitude on the War was very unpopular, but the staunchness with which he held it has increased the respect of many who differed from him, and now he works in the most friendly manner with Sir Edward Grey and other Imperialists.

Nearly fourteen years have passed since the boyish-looking, slim, white-faced Mr. Lloyd-George was returned for the Carnarvon District at a by-election. He had been a politician from youth, and took as naturally and easily to Parliamentary life as if he were a Cavendish or a Healy. No time was lost by the aspiring Welshman. He associated himself with an active band of compatriots who championed the Radical and Nonconformist causes of the Principality, and sometimes his independence caused a little embarrassment to the Liberal Leaders, even when they were in office. It is, however, since 1895, the year of the coalition of Liberal-Unionists and Conservatives who have in the interval ruled the



THE MORNING BUDGET.

Photographs by Ernest H. Mills.

THE COMING CRISIS: TWO STRENUOUS LIBERALS.



MR. DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P.



RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY FOWLER, M.P.

Photographs by Ernest H. Mills.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IN this day of halfpenny newspapers the question arises whether a halfpenny is the lowest sum at which a journal can be sold. In September 1861, a weekly paper entitled the *Farthing News and Universal Telegraph*, devoted to politics, news, literature, and the fine arts, made its appearance and actually published several numbers. At that time there was an immense development of the halfpenny weekly, perhaps in consequence of the repeal of the paper duties. Halfpenny daily journals failed signally, but for a time halfpenny weekly magazines did fairly well so far as circulation went. I can give the names of seven: The *Halfpenny Gazette*, the *Halfpenny Miscellany*, the *Halfpenny Journal*, the *London Herald*, the *Welcome Guest*, the *Guide*, and the *Cottage Journal*. At that time the great popular penny weeklies were the *London Journal* and the *Family Herald*, the former circulating half-a-million copies a-week. These consisted of sixteen pages without advertisements. Their halfpenny rivals gave eight pages and were filled with stories of crime. "The Blindfolded Midwife: A Tale of Mystery and Horror," "Partners in Crime; or, The Betrayed Wife," "The Six Stages of Punishment; or, The Ladder of Crime," were among the titles of the serial romances. In a comparatively short time all these papers died. They got up to half-a-million circulation in some cases, but this was not remunerative and they were allowed to disappear.

Mr. A. C. Benson's little biography of Alfred Tennyson (Methuen and Co.) is attractive chiefly for its moderate, decorous, and not

ineffective iconoclasm. It was high time that somebody should speak the truth about Arthur Hallam. "It is strange that the disappointing portrait of him at Eton, taken a few years before, and representing a plump, rubicund, undistinguished young man, with an air of homely sense and virtue, gives no hint of delicacy and still less of genius. Moreover, what is still more strange, the existing literary remains of Arthur Hallam afford no explanation of what the individual peculiarity may have been which so dazzled his contemporaries. These writings can hardly be called more than promising."

It was also high time that the truth should be told about Tennyson's dramas. "It was as though a musician, who had reached almost perfection on the violin, took up at three-score the practice of the organ. . . . It is melancholy that no friend was found to tell him that dramatic situations were precisely those in which he had invariably failed, though it might have proved a congenial task for Jowett. . . . The consequence is that the plays, though the execution is faultless, somehow lack interest: the wood is laid in order, but the fire does not kindle. It is very difficult to say why they do not arouse emotion, but the tragedy, the pathos have no transporting power. They leave the heart cold."

Although Mr. Benson observes a prudent restraint, he judiciously qualifies the portrait of Tennyson given in his son's Life. He refers frankly to Tennyson's well-known Rabelaisianism in conversation. He points out that Tennyson rather demanded affection than gave it, and that his absorption in his work and his active interest in the details of life saved him from much suffering. "His affections were essentially of a tranquil kind. His friends found him invariably the same, but it may be doubted whether, in their absence, he thought very much about them." He refers to the rupture with Coventry Patmore. When the "Angel in the House" died, Tennyson neither went to see Patmore nor wrote a single line of sympathy on the sad event, and for nearly twenty years there was a complete break in relations which had been extraordinarily intimate. Above all things, Mr. Benson, though he does not tell the whole truth, is the first of Tennyson's biographers to insist on the morbid melancholy of the poet's temperament. I once asked a man who among outsiders knew him best during the last twenty-five years of his life whether Tennyson was a happy man. "His life," was the reply, "was the most unhappy I have ever seen close at hand." For this there were reasons which cannot be fully told. Mr. Benson will by no means carry universal assent in his disparagement of Tennyson's later work, and it is nothing short of amazing that in a criticism of Tennyson's work he should leave out "Enone." But, though not a great or brilliant performance, his biography of Tennyson is by far the best that has appeared. Mr. Lang's little book is marred by carelessness and Sir Alfred Lyall's by a portentous dulness. Mr. Benson is neither portentous nor dull.

Mr. G. W. E. Russell has published a seventh and cheaper edition of his delightful book, "Collections and Recollections" (Smith, Elder, and Co.). He contributes a characteristic preface, in which he tells us on Aug. 13, 1865, being then twelve years old, he began his diary. A young lady gave him a manuscript-book attractively bound in scarlet leather, and such a gift inspired the resolution to live up to it. "Shall I be deemed to lift the veil of private life too roughly if I transcribe some early entries? '23rd.—Dear Kate came: very nice.' '25th.—Kate is very delightful.' '26th.—Kate is a darling girl. She kissed me.'" Since then the continuous life of Mr. Russell's diary has remained unbroken, and not a day is missing. The series of volumes contains the record of what Mr. Russell has been, done, seen, and heard during thirty-eight years of chequered existence. I shrewdly suspect that there are unpublished entries more than equal in value and importance to anything published, but these will probably be the portion of posterity.

At the annual dinner of the Whitefriars' Club, Sir George Trevelyan, who was the principal guest, paid a very graceful compliment to Mr. L. F. Austin. Mr. Austin proposed the toast of the evening with his accustomed felicity. Sir George, in responding, said that he read Mr. Austin's weekly causerie in the *Illustrated London News* so diligently that he seemed to know his opinion upon every subject.—O. O.



THE PICTURESQUE EAST: A CAFÉ IN CAIRO.

THREE NEW NOVELS.

"ANGELS, AND DEVILS,
AND MAN."By WINIFRED GRAHAM.
(Cassell, 6s.)

This story is dedicated to "The Rev. James Weller," and we cannot help wondering how the reverend gentleman will like it, and whether he would consider it suitable to read aloud at parochial working-parties. It is a sensational novel, written in an absurdly inflated style, and with a great parade of long words drawn from the terminology of physics, metaphysics, and theology. Perhaps that will please Mr. Weller. The story is, however, effective in a crude way. The central figure is a wonderful octogenarian Professor who has discovered the secret of reading other people's minds with the aid of an instrument which passes as an ear-trumpet. Accompanied by an exquisitely beautiful grand-daughter, he comes up from his old Sussex manor-house, and takes London by storm. After using his apparently magical power to some purpose in saving his grand-daughter's fiancé from being poisoned, and in preventing a kinswoman from selling her family jewels for a tenth of their value, he decides that his secret would not be good for the world to know, and so he destroys the trumpet and dies. It is a pity that Miss Graham should waste her time over this sort of thing. She shows in this book distinct though rudimentary powers both of character-drawing and of presenting human emotion. These she should cultivate, without troubling her head about pseudo-scientific futilities; and she should learn not to write such sentences as "He felt like a whipped hound under the scathing light of correct information."

"ROOM FIVE."

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.
(Ward, Lock, 6s.)

Those who, without limiting their reading to the "Newgate Calendar" and its successors, are yet fascinated by the romance of crime, who are in sympathy with Bismarck's appreciation of the detective story, have been in lamentable state of late. The number of books dealing with the subject has been no less, but the quality has certainly been deteriorating; impossible misdeeds, investigated by impossible inquiry-agents with impossible methods, have made far too frequent an appearance, and the detective story has been in danger of death by its own inanities. Now, "Room Five" gives it a fresh lease of life. Mr. Hamilton Drummond reverses the widely favoured Gaboriau method of starting with effect and ending with cause—in itself, frequently ill-advised and productive of a surfeit of anti-climaxes—but, giving cause, contrives that it shall be so complicated and divided that the air of romance that cloaks the unknown is never absent. His ingenuity is exceptional; his novel cunningly imagined, cunningly contrived, cunningly sustained. When two men are found dead in an hotel bedroom, it is safe to conclude that one murdered the other and then committed suicide; but, when each had an equally strong motive for desiring the death of the other, when both had equal opportunity for securing the poison by which they died, when the actions of both were equally open to suspicion, and when a clue indicating one as the aggressor is speedily balanced by a fact pointing to the other, the difficulties are such that any Jury—Special or otherwise—might well be justified in returning an open verdict. Even the reader, with a knowledge of several facts hidden from the inquiry-agent, will hesitate before answering definitely the author's final words: "Mr. Vore does not know. Do you?" "Room Five" is far above the average of its class. It is written well, with a commendable restraint, with a keen sense of character, and, incidentally, in the chapter on "The Ministry of Mr. Higgins," with much pathos.

"A CHANGE OF FACE."

By THOMAS COBB.
(Methuen, 6s.)

Nothing is nowadays too far-fetched or abnormal to constitute the basis of a story. Thus, Mr. Thomas Cobb, in his latest novel, describes a literal "change of face"—that is to say, he causes his lovely heroine, Evangeline, to develop facial paralysis within a fortnight of her wedding-day. From a vision of beauty she is transformed into something not unlike a gargoyle. Although the doctor is hopeful that it is merely a temporary affliction, Wilmot Norgate, her fiancé, makes the not unnatural suggestion that the wedding should be postponed till Evangeline's recovery; but, as the days go on and she is no better, the girl herself insists that the engagement shall be broken off altogether, and retires with her father to a sequestered village to ponder on the ways of man, who loves but the outer husk and sees not the beauty of the soul—and similar chastening subjects for reflection. Here, of course, enters the Other Man. Undismayed by her disfigurement, Owen Fairbank, the young doctor, woos her earnestly and perseveringly, but, as Evangeline begins slowly to recover, she becomes so preoccupied with the idea of torturing her half-hearted lover with the sight of her regained beauty that she lends but an abstracted ear to Owen Fairbank's protestations. The torture is so successful that Wilmot Norgate departs in despair for the war—seemingly this is the reason, but in reality it is in order to give Mr. Cobb an opportunity to "change his face" also. Accordingly, when we see him again, he is sullen and moody, with a red and angry scar extending from the temple to the lowest part of the chin, "involving the eyelid and the corner of the mouth with lamentable effect." Here is Evangeline's opportunity. Casting her pride to the winds, she pursues him into the fastnesses of Bournemouth, whither he has taken refuge. Finding, however, that he has accepted the consolation of temporary feminine companionship, she thinks of the poor *pis aller*, still loving and true, and the curtain rings down on an ecstatic cry of "Owen!" Comment is useless, except to wonder what has become of the author's sense of humour.

MADAME MAURICE MAETERLINCK (MADAME GEORGETTE
LEBLANC), WIFE OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS WRITER.

Photograph by Boyer, Paris.

The first-fruits of Professor Knight's leisure are a complete collection of the letters of the Wordsworth family. There are nearly eight hundred of them, including all the accessible letters of the poet, his sister, his brother John, his wife, his daughter, and friends of the family. Properly annotated, they ought to be very valuable. The unpublished letters from Dorothy Wordsworth, now being published in the *Athenaeum*, make excellent reading, though, so far, they do not alter our conception of the Coleridge and Wordsworth circle. The bitterness of disappointment with which Coleridge's friends watched his aberration is rendered very vividly. Wordsworth's intense and almost violent affection for those near to him—an affection well illustrated by Mr. Myers—is again strongly brought out.

In the suggestive Introduction which he has contributed to the "Red Letter" edition of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" (Blackie), Mr. G. K. Chesterton suggests that in American literature Oliver Wendell Holmes may be said to be, not by actual birth or politics, but by spirit, the one literary voice of the South. "He bears far more resemblance to that superb, kingless aristocracy that hurled itself on the guns at Gettysburg or died round Stonewall Jackson than to Hawthorne, who was a Puritan mystic, or Lowell, who was a Puritan pamphleteer, or Whitman, who was a Puritan suddenly converted to Christianity." Volumes can say no more.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

[Supplied through Frank Reynolds' Agency.]



LADY CONJURER : Can you let me have a couple of dozen florins ?

PROPRIETRESS OF THE "FIG AND BULLET" : I fear we are out of them at present, Madam, but there's some nice cold beef in cut.

MOVEMENTS OF THE MONEY MARKET.

Recorded by JOHN HASSALL.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

FIVE MINUTES' CONVERSATION:

BEING A BALL-ROOM EPISODE.

By MAARTEN MAARTENS.



The big rooms were full of music and movement, of many mingling perfumes and overheated air. It was the usual unwholesome but not un-

pleasing atmosphere of a big entertainment at a big house in a very big city. Everything was big. And biggest of all, even bigger than the rooms, was the crowd.

Affectation was there, and official boredom, and dead, done world-weariness, and also youth, good looks, bright girl-vanity, the vast happiness of utter self-contentment, complete satisfaction, at some twenty or thereabouts, with oneself, one's appearance, one's clothes.

Of the many who could show cause for such self-approval none stood out more prominently than Margaret. Yet none seemed less conscious of the notice a pretty girl always willingly attracts. Throughout her success in Society she has retained that simplicity of manner. I believe, by those who can distinguish, it is considered her principal charm.

I cannot distinguish. To me she has always been all charm.

She was talking to Maxwell that evening, when I saw her—to Maxwell, the South African millionaire. Two or three paces behind them, in an irregular half-circle, waited the usual little crowd of her admirers, moodily looking on.

The next waltz was mine, and I went up and claimed it. Maxwell fell back with a scowl. He is not accustomed to anybody getting in his way.

"My turn next," he said, and threw into his accent a great deal of extra meaning.

"Is Nellie here?" asked Margaret, as we glided away.

"No; she went to the Opera. She is coming on later."

"Alone?"

"Sclater is with her."

We took half-a-dozen steps before Margaret rejoined—

"Why didn't you go with your wife, Guy?"

And half-a-dozen more before I answered, laughing lightly—

"Because she preferred to go with Sclater."

Margaret dropped the subject with the same manifest little effort with which she had raised it. A thoughtful frown settled on her exquisite brow.

"Nobody knows my step as you do," she said; "I wish I could always waltz with you."

"And not with Mr. Maxwell?"

"Never with Mr. Maxwell."

"My dear cousin, I hope we shall waltz together at many a ball yet, for many a year."

"I—I am not so sure."

"Why? Are you going to marry somebody who will carry you off to India?"

"Don't talk nonsense. I am going to marry nobody. But father was talking this evening, very seriously, of definitely giving up London and retiring into Inverness-shire for good."

"He has said that sort of thing ever since I can remember."

"Yes, but this evening he seemed quite in earnest."

"More bills, or worse duns, than usual."

"You may laugh——"

"Indeed, I am quite serious!"

"But, Guy, it is a horrible thing to be poor."

"Do you think I have forgotten? Only three years ago I was a great deal poorer than your father."

She was silent again. Then she said, "Somehow, I believe this time it is quite serious. I shall have to go and milk cows in the wilds of Inverness."

"Happy cows!"

"You are quite mistaken," she answered, demurely. "Unintelligent

milking disagrees with cows. But even were it not so, they would know I was cross. I hate Inverness-shire. I am always cross up there."

"You malign yourself. Ever since you were a baby you have been contented to do what you believed to be your duty. And so now you are going to dance—cheerfully—with Mr. Maxwell."

Half-way through the next dance, which I was lounging out by a doorway, she suddenly stood before me. Her face had gone white.

"Can you spare me five minutes' conversation?" she said.

I should have laughed at the formal words had her manner not betrayed the extremest agitation.

"I am always at your service, as you know," I replied; and I led the way, circumspectly, into a little side-room, or alcove, with a good deal of greenery. Margaret dropped my arm and sank down on a settee, against a background of palms.

"Mr. Maxwell has asked me to be his wife!" she gasped.

"That sort of thing will happen to a charming woman," I answered, gravely.

"Oh, Guy, talk sense for once! Talk sense!" There was such a heart-rending note in her voice that I changed my whole manner at once.

"My dear Meg, whatever's the matter? The man has asked you to be his wife. Well, you can accept him, if you like, or refuse him, and there's an end of it."

"No, no! That is not the end, not the end!"

I would have taken her hand, but she hastily withdrew it.

"Come," I said, "we are cousins. We have been intimate friends ever since we were babies. You must be more explicit. What's the row?"

She smiled. The lighter words seemed to steady her nerves. She opened her lips to speak. "If you don't want the fellow, refuse him, and there's an end," I interposed, simultaneously. But she said—

"He has given me to understand that I cannot refuse him."

"What folly!"

"Father is mixed up, it appears, in some South African speculations of his. The ruin we have always been expecting, all my life long, is come at last, unless——"

"Unless you consent to be Mrs. Maxwell?"

"He did not say that," she objected, eagerly. "He did not say it."

"But he implied it?"

She sank back. "I understood it to be so."

I waited, and thought it out, and gave her time. Yet my question, when it came, was the one that would always have turned uppermost.

"Do you want to marry this Maxwell, Meg?"

She hesitated, faltered. "I want to marry nobody," she said.

"So I have sometimes presumed, judging by your attitude through these three Seasons. Are you sure—forgive my venturing on a subject I have always carefully avoided, but now you grant me permission—are you sure your attitude is a sensible one?"

"You mean because I have refused people?"

"You have refused half-a-dozen, to my knowledge, some of whom I, a humble person like myself, would most certainly have accepted."

"You!" She spoke quickly, a little bitterly. "It is pretty of you to say that."

"Well, then, refuse Mr. Maxwell. He is the richest offer you will ever get. Every girl in these rooms would jump at him."

"My father—you forget about my father!"

"By no means. But even you, Meg, must not marry to please your father."

"I do not think it is merely a question of pleasing. As I understand the matter, it is a question of salvation or ruin."

"Hush! Calm yourself, I beg you. I will——"

"How can I be calm? Father, whatever he may say, could not live away from London. He mopes, fit to die, at the old place in Inverness-shire. And yet the place is nice enough——"

"I know, dear; I know. It is he who grows cross there, not you. You would be happy anywhere——"

"Not cross, Guy. He is never cross. Don't say that. But his health is so bad, and the winds——"

"Margaret—excuse my interrupting you—but I know Maxwell;

I—I think you must have mistook. I can't imagine his wanting to influence you in the way you describe. It don't look like him."

"Why not?" she queried, nervously.

I gazed down at the point of my shoe. "Well, you see, he's a business-man," I answered, awkwardly, "and it don't look to me like good business. It isn't the way to get a good wife—this knife-at-your-throat manner—and he'll want the best wife that money can buy."

"Then he wouldn't have come to me."

I turned my slow gaze full upon her. Our eyes met.

I did not speak, for I could not. Her long lashes sank.

"There is no hurry," I said, at last. "You can take time to consider."

"No, that would be useless."

"Do you mean that you dislike him?"

"Oh, no! not more than other men. I—I rather like him. I like him very well, as men go."

"You are hard on men."

"No, by no means. Only I do not want to marry—I don't care about marrying, Guy."

"You intend to remain an old maid?"

"I don't know. I don't think I care about marrying, Guy." Her manner was agitated; she half-hid her face behind her fan. She shrank away, as if she was anxious to escape from me, after having called me to her aid.

There came to me a sudden intuition of what I ought to do. I rose from my place beside her.

"I will seek out Maxwell, and ask what he really meant," I said. She did not attempt to restrain me, but before she could have done so I was gone.

I found Maxwell irritably quaffing champagne at the buffet. He smiled, in a painfully careless manner, as I approached.

"You won't mind my talking about my uncle's affairs?" I asked, straight away.

"Why not say your cousin's at once?" he replied.

I laughed frankly, into his face. "So much the better," I said. "Let us call things exactly as they are. I like that."

"By all means."

"You have made my cousin an offer of marriage."

"I have. You are the last man who has a right to object to that."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed, annoyed.

"Let us speak of things exactly as they are," he replied. He set down his glass. "But we have no need to enlarge," he added, walking away.

I followed him. "She believes you to have said that you would ruin her father unless she accepted you."

Then he turned, in the full light of a dozen candles, in a corner. His bronzed face grew brown.

"I never said anything of the kind!" he cried.

"I know you did not. That's why I came."

His manner towards me changed.

"I told her that her father's affairs were in a bad way," he said, genially. "So much she must surely have known——"

"Since her birth," I put in.

"And I told her that, as far as his South African ventures were concerned, I could probably be instrumental in staving off an impending crash."

"That sounds rather like what she told me."

"There's no connection between the two matters," he answered, stiffening. "Your uncle came to me this morning, in despair. I have promised to help him, whatever occurs."

"All the same, the combination gives you an unfair advantage over the girl," I protested, irritably.

He bit his lip. "Go back," he said, weighing each word, "and tell her I have just received other advices from Johannesburg. Her father can sell out at par. Will she understand that?" he added, with a wry smile.

I would have thrust out my hand, but drew it back with a man's dread of melodrama. "Oh, hang it!" he said, hastily, "although I have made my money in South Africa, you may still give me credit for a decent instinct here and there." As he said so, he gave me the clear outline of his shoulder, and I, realising that our interview was over, pushed back through the brilliant crowd to the quiet corner, where I still found Margaret. A young man had been talking to her. She sent him away as I approached.

"You are quite mistaken," I said. "You have altogether misunderstood him. The South African imbroglio is coming right of itself. Your father can sell out at par."

She caught her breath and, as I again took the vacant seat by her side, she drew away the white clouds of her dress.

"And now," I continued, laying hold of my courage and steadying my voice, "what are you going to do? Here is this offer of marriage, free and untrammelled—a 'yes' or a 'no'?"

"Leave me," she said.

"And let some young fellow come up and talk nonsense?"

"Some nonsense is much better to talk than some sense."

I bent forward, trying in vain to reach her averted eyes. "Will you, in your turn," I said, "grant me five minutes' conversation?"

"No!" she cried, starting up. "No, no! Oh, Guy, what could you have to talk about in such a tone as that?"

I, too, had started up. I stood facing her. My breath came



[DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.]

THE SMART SET AT MARKET DITCHWATER.

BEFORE THE FANCY-DRESS BALL: *Well, girls, how do you like your Aunt? Little Bo-Peep!*

and went. "Let me speak," I said, thickly, "at last. Let me say what I want to say and have to say—what I should have said a couple of years ago."

"Oh, no, no!" she repeated, and sank down on the sofa, hiding her face in her hands.

I bent over her. "We have—liked each other all our lives. And three years ago I married Nellie."

"Hush!" she murmured behind her outstretched fingers. "Hush!" Then she suddenly dropped both her arms into her lap, and lifted a flushed face to me, forcibly becalmed. "You are talking nonsense," she said.

"Horrible nonsense," I answered. "Look here, Margaret, I say it out, once for all, first time and last, in the long years that make life. I knew you. And I deliberately married Nellie. I married her, liking her well enough, admiring her, because she had money."

Margaret threw back her head, proudly. "Why do you say these things to me? It is useless."

"You know it all—have always known."

"The less reason to—"

"I think not. Not to-night. Let me speak. I did Nellie no injury. She perfectly understood what we were doing. On her side, she married me because she wanted to."

"You exaggerate, Guy. To us all, you seemed very fond of each other."

"Exactly. That is what I am wanting to point out. We were, we are, quite sufficiently fond of each other. As for me, you are aware, Margaret, why I had to do as I did."

"I know that you had engaged your small fortune to save a friend," she answered, her dear eyes kindling. "I know that you had even mortgaged the one spot you love on earth."

"It would have killed my mother to see the old place sold up. Be glad, Margaret, that no such sacrifice is required of you."

"Oh, Guy, for God's sake do not speak in that voice!"

I pulled myself together. "You are free to take Mr. Maxwell or leave him," I said, lightly. "And if you take him, as I advise, I hope you will get on as well with him as, and even a little better than, Nellie gets on with me."

"And why, pray, do you want me to take him?" She tried to make her accents as light as mine.

I ignored her question, in indirect reply. "Nellie and I have always perfectly understood the situation. And I think we have successfully developed it. There has been no question of aversion or antipathy, or any form of dislike. On the contrary, we continue to like each other, and we realise, conscientiously, without much effort, the sterling advantages accruing to each of us from our union."

"Don't use the word 'sterling' to a stranger. It is hardly—happily selected in your case." She moved her foot nervously, staring down, with sheer intent, on the little, pearl-dotted shoe.

"You are cruel to me, Margaret, beyond words."

"Oh, forgive me! No, I was not cruel to you. I was thinking of myself, and Mr. Maxwell."

"But you told me you liked him. I should not have spoken, no, not a word, had you not assured me you liked him as much as any man—more, I understood?"

She lifted her eyes from the shoe to her fan, and began plucking at its fluffy feathers. "Oh, yes, more," she said.

"And, you see, that is a most excellent beginning. Nellie and I started like that and have gone on improving. I feel confident we like each other better than when we started. We certainly are far more comfortable."

"You found it very difficult at first?"

"Of course, it is difficult. After a time you learn to accept differences, and make allowances. You automatically arrange things so as not to knock up against each other."

"Not to—?"

"Knock up against each other. The great thing is to avoid all explanations and discussions and verbal agreements. Automatically, as I said, and often unconsciously, you agree not to disagree."

"And so you rub on: that is marriage?"

"I think so."

"Love and marriage?"

"I did not say that."

"No, ah, no! I am not aware what I am saying. No, you did not say that." She looked away, towards the noisy ball-room, as if longing to escape, yet she drew closer. "And you are happy? You are happy?" she said.

"Quite sufficiently happy, as chances go. Happier than I deserve."

"Guy, you do not speak the truth."

"I assure you, on my honour, I am—content. How else should I have dared to speak to you of my feeling towards you? I desired the impossible. I knew, from the first, that I could never achieve it. It never looked otherwise than utterly impracticable, like a mansion in the moon. It would have meant misery to you. Nobody ever thought of it, of course, for one moment, as feasible. Nobody ever alluded to it, in any way. Well, I have not achieved the impossible. And, honestly, I venture to say, I am content."

"In spite of—?" She checked herself. I allowed her time to go on, but she continued resolutely silent.

"Do not say what you were going to say," I then answered, with what to the superficial may seem unreason. "I know of nothing that need disturb my contentment. Nellie likes to amuse herself in her own way; she allows me to choose mine."

Margaret remained silent, with a silence so full of meaning that it urged me to excess of speech.

"People are ill-natured," I went on, hurriedly; "but, even were all they say correct, it would not matter much. I tell you, Nellie and I are prepared, as all married people should be, for all emergencies. We wear masks, the masks of marriage. Our hearts wear the masks of marriage. We are secure. Nothing can hurt the married couple who, by unspoken agreement, have donned the mask."

"And why do you say these things to me?"

"Because, I want you, oh, dearest—nay, hush! you can trust me—because I want you, oh, pearl among women, to meet your fate! Here you have been out for three Seasons, admired by all men, refusing one advantageous offer after another. What is to be the end? Your father is an old man, always hovering on the verge of insolvency. When he dies—well, what then? Are you going out as a governess or a housekeeper? Are you going to paint on china?"

"You have no right," she interrupted, passionately, "to speak thus to me!"

"The best of rights," I cried, yet more passionately, "the best of rights!"

"My future is now in my own hands, and I——"

But I could not listen to her. "All that I have been saying for the last five minutes, every word of it proves my right!" I exclaimed. "Right? There is no right like mine. And I claim it." I caught at her hand, and this time she did not more than half-draw it away. "The man is a decent man as such men go! You are rather taken by him. He is a great match, Margaret: he assures you a brilliant future! Marry him, and, instead of going out as a governess, to teach what you don't know, you will have the world at your feet. Think what it means. Realise what it means! Margaret, I want you to marry Maxwell. I am pleading with you to marry Maxwell. I—I——" My voice grew thick with emotion. The little room, its lights and its greenery, swam before my eyes. "I—I am entreating you to do it. Think what that means. Try to realise what it means. I, who—I, oh my God, I who have loved you all my life, who will always love you, who have never loved any other woman—because I have always loved you, and will never speak such words as these again as I have never spoken them before; I, who am losing you now for very love of you—for you will never speak to me again; but I do not care, because I want your happiness only to be safe, dearest, your future secured, your innocent womanhood protected. Oh, Margaret, Margaret!" She drew away from me: I released her hand; she hung, breathless.

"Guy!" she said. And the one word sank heavy with contending perturbations. There was regret in it as well as resignation, surrender as much as surprise.

Between us stood the small figure of my wife. She had come round from behind the green fernery or rockery, whatever it was.

"The masks are off," she said, in her shrill, not unmusical voice. I looked over her head. In the doorway Maxwell waited, come to claim the next dance, and a reply.

"Where is Sclater?" I said. "Wouldn't he come?" Margaret put her arm into Maxwell's. "Take care of her," I called after him. "She deserves it." Then I turned to my wife. "Unless I am very much mistaken, Margaret is going to marry Mr. Maxwell," I said.

"If she does, I will forgive you," answered Nellie.

"Tell her so. Tell her so, by all means," I said, earnestly.

"I will. And as a wedding-present I shall send her a——"

"Have you any to spare?" I hastily interrupted, readjusting my own.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



ONE of the most interesting if not startling events of the coming season will be the production, during the first half of April, of "Salome," by the late Oscar Wilde. The performance is being arranged by that most enthusiastic critic and indefatigable worker for the drama, Mr. J. T. Grein. The sole motive which has actuated him in setting the machinery in motion for this performance is that, during

"The Man who Was," which, readers will remember, was produced not long ago by Mr. Tree at His Majesty's Theatre. The leading part in "Mrs. Tetley" will be played by Miss Margaret Halstan.

How quickly theatrical plans change has been shown in the case of "Captain Dieppe." Last week everyone believed that its successor would be "Merely Mary Ann," and would restore Mr. Zangwill's name to the play-bills of London, from which it has too long been absent. Unfortunately, although the days of "Captain Dieppe" are numbered—perhaps because they have so soon been numbered—Mr. Zangwill will not succeed Mr. Anthony Hope, for a revival of "His Excellency the Governor" will be the next production at the Duke of York's. It is more than probable "Merely Mary Ann" will wait until it can be given with Miss May Robson in her original part. Whenever she comes, a warm welcome will await her, for there are those who say that she is the greatest young actress on the American stage.

The question which those who live behind the scenes are asking, apropos of the failure of "Ruy Blas" at the Imperial, is whether it will lead to a change in the artistic partnership of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. Waller, and their non-appearance in the promised special piece which has been acquired by the popular actress. The combination of a romantic actor with what may still be called a *fin-de-siècle* actress might produce vividly interesting results were the right sort of plays forthcoming.

The Mermaid Society for the production of Old English Plays, of which the President is Mr. Philip Carr, announce three performances of Congreve's comedy, "The Way of the World," to be given at the Court Theatre on Sunday evening, March 20, and the afternoon and evening of Monday, March 21. Admission to the performance on Sunday evening will be reserved to members of the Society, but seats for the performances on Monday afternoon and evening may be



MISS MABEL LOVE, PLAYING IN "HUMPTY-DUMPTY," AT DRURY LANE.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

a recent visit to Germany, he saw the play, which had been translated into German, and was struck by its great beauty and dramatic force, by the large audiences which attended it, and by the reverent spirit in which they witnessed it.

Introducing Biblical personages, it need hardly be said that the play will not be licensed. No seats can, therefore, be sold, so that it is, from subscriptions that the necessary funds will be forthcoming. These have already begun to pour in, not only from people connected with the theatre and the aristocracy, but from those who habitually patronise the pit and gallery, so that the King's Hall, Covent Garden—in which, in default of a regular theatre, the performance will be given—will be a scene of real enthusiasm.

In connection with the production of "Salome," it is interesting to recall that the principal theatres in Germany have produced or are preparing to produce Wilde's works—"Lady Windermere's Fan," "A Woman of No Importance," and "The Importance of Being Earnest." Indeed, there is hardly a literary paper of any importance in Germany which has not lately been devoting space to critical articles on the literary work of the man whom they justly regard as one of the greatest figures in modern English dramatic literature.

Something in the way of an international compliment is being paid by the directors of the German Theatre to Mrs. C. Hayden Coffin by the production on Monday and Tuesday evenings at the Royalty of her translation of "Mrs. Tetley's Urtheilspruch." Its ultimate destination is Germany, for which country Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Downing's play was translated, under contract, for Mr. Schulz-Curtius. "Translated" is, perhaps, not a fair term to use, for the play has been adapted to the requirements of the German stage by Mrs. Hayden Coffin, who is German by birth and still German in sentiment. Mrs. Hayden Coffin's next play for Germany will probably be



MISS MADGE TITHERADGE, WHO RECENTLY APPEARED IN "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH," AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

obtained at the offices of the Society, 3, Old Palace Chambers, Old Scotland Yard, Whitehall, where also all information with regard to membership of the Society may be obtained

KEY-NOTES

THE death of Madame Schnorr, like so many occasional deaths, marks a milestone upon the path which a great man has taken along the world. Every sun has its satellite, and Wagner in particular had so many disciples and followers that it is only by the recollection of extraordinary achievement that one can separate artist from artist in that which may be called a sort of private school of distinction. It may be recalled that Herr Schnorr was the originally chosen dramatic singer for the part of Tristan. The numbers of rehearsals which were allotted to that opera were so great that it was a popular saying in Germany that Schnorr died of the effects thereof. He was just able (so they who loved to gibe said) to sing Tristan half-a-dozen times and then pay his dues to mortality. Perhaps the oddest thing about the whole tragedy, seeing that tragedy has so much humour wrapped up in its kernel, was the fact that Wagner was exceedingly vexed when Madame Schnorr retired from the stage, in consequence of the death of her husband.

Elgar, at last, has so far conquered public opinion that Musical Societies are rummaging into his past in order to discover such early works as distinguished his more or less humble selection when he was in search of a libretto. "King Olaf" has never yet been heard in London, although in the provinces it has quite a reputation. So amazing has been the progress of Elgar from the time when he thoroughly realised the fact of his creative genius, that "King Olaf" may be described humorously as being practically a still-born child, for, indeed, it contains little of the signs of the later genius which has made this English Master one of the conquerors of the Western world in his own art.

The subject of Elgar brings one naturally to some discussion of the plans of the Management of the Crystal Palace; in face of the fact that the "Dream of Gerontius" is to be given there by the Dulwich Philharmonic Society, under the conductorship of Mr. Arthur Fagge, on the evening of Saturday, March 5. It is extraordinary, as has been indicated, to find how quickly, in these days, Elgar's masterpiece has been recognised at its true worth all the world over; certainly that recognition cannot be attributed to the fact that the work is easy to

play or to sing, neither can one pretend that there is the smallest popular touch or sentiment of cheapness about the score which might make it naturally attractive to a "multitudinous audience." It really seems to be that the public education during the last few years in the art of music has so risen and has become of so rare a quality that we are now able in England to appreciate greatness within a very short time of its appearance.

At an "At Home" given by Mr. and Mrs. Kruse at the Grafton Galleries on Wednesday afternoon, many amateurs and professional musicians met in cheerful conversation and in pleasant intercourse. Professor Johann Kruse has so persistently held up the banner of art for its own sake, so far as music is concerned, in his London campaign, that it is quite necessary to draw attention not only to his own great artistic capabilities, but also to the fact that he continues at the St. James's Hall a great tradition which once formed part of the artistic and educative career of such eminent people of distinction as, for example, the late Lord Leighton, Mr. George Henry Lewes, and "George Eliot." Professor Kruse has the best wishes of everybody who, in Mr. Gilbert's phrase, does not "think suburban hops more fun than Monday Pops."

COMMON CHORD.

The Crystal Palace Amateur Orchestral Society was inaugurated in 1900, under the conductorship of Sir August Manns, who held this post for a year, and was succeeded in 1901 by Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock, who is the present conductor and director of the Society's rehearsals and concerts. Sir August Manns is now the Society's President. The orchestra numbers some seventy-four players, and its high efficiency may be judged from the fact that in 1902 it was responsible for one of the Classical Saturday Afternoon Concerts, and that in this present season of 1903-4 it has been entrusted with providing two of these programmes. The Crystal Palace Choir, a fine and cultured body of some two hundred and fifty singers, is usually associated with the Orchestra's concerts. At the Concert on Feb. 6, Sullivan's Overture "Di Ballo," Sterndale Bennett's Symphony in G Minor, Stanford's Cavalier Songs, and Thomé's Suite, "Les Noces d'Arlequin," were among the principal items.

MR. WALTER HEDGCOCK, CONDUCTOR.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Photograph by Russell and Sons.



The Six-cylinder "Sunbeam"—Club Matters—The Crossley—High-tension Ignition—Gloves—The New Napier.

IN referring to the remarkable six-cylinder cars shown at the Crystal Palace lately, I omitted to mention an exhibit of considerable note, in the shape of the six-cylinder "Sunbeam" car by Messrs. John Marston and Sons, of Wolverhampton. In the construction and design of this most complete vehicle, the very latest and best practice is closely followed both as to engine and driving-gear. Features of the construction which must strongly recommend so smart a vehicle to every automobilist who realises the terrible wear-and-tear imposed on naked driving-chains are the oil-bath chain-cases, in which run the side-chains conveying the drive from the counter-shaft to the road-wheels, most completely protected from the terribly cutting and stretching effect of wet grit. These oil-bath chain-cases are most perfectly fashioned, and, while increasing the life of a chain by over one hundred per cent., the clatter made by the chain-links as they run over the sprocket-teeth, and which in up-to-date cars remains the only unpleasant noise they make, is entirely cloaked. Nothing handsomer or more tasteful than the body mounted on the six-cylinder chassis was to be seen in the Show.

The cloud no bigger than a man's hand which has for some considerable time been discerned upon the Club's horizon by all who are interested in Club matters is now right overhead and upon the point of bursting. There are likely to be wigs upon the green at the Annual General Meeting which takes place next month, when the late policy of the Club Committee is likely to be severely criticised. The sale of the Club patronage to the proprietor of a Motor Show and the attempt to unseat the Hon. John Scott Montagu, M.P., have aroused the severe indignation of a large majority of the members. Two tickets are out for the new Committee, one sanctioned by the Honourable member just mentioned and the other by the Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, who, though considerably concerned in the automobile industry himself, nevertheless strongly advocates the elimination of every fragment of trade-interest from the Club Committee itself. His Lordship suggests that members of the Club who, like himself, are mixed up with the trade, should, however, be eligible for service upon Sub-Committees charged with the organisation and supervision of trials, tests, &c., connected with what is the technical work of the Club. The present Committee, or some members of it, have brought about a low regard of the Automobile Club as a social Club by the unwholesome eagerness they have shown to plunge the Club into competitive commercialism.

It very rarely happens that the first two or three cars produced by leading engineers who have turned their attention to automobile construction are altogether and entirely satisfactory. Therefore it must be a source of great satisfaction to Messrs. Jarrott and Letts to find the Crossley four-cylinder car they ran throughout the late Show period for trial-purposes behaved so well and gave such satisfaction. The experience and testimony of each expert I have met and who has made a trip upon the Crossley accord in every way with my own. On geared or direct drive the car runs with delicious smoothness and elasticity; indeed, I can recall only one vehicle in my varied experience I have found to equal it. The engine movement, whether driving or raced, is absolutely unfelt by the occupants of the car, so perfectly does the Crossley motor appear to be balanced. Further, the car can be driven at a speed of three miles per hour just as sweetly and as smoothly as at ten times the speed, and can be checked and speeded again in a really marvellous manner. The great hill-test of

the Show week, namely, the ascent of Jasper Road, Farquhar Road, a precipitous pitch of 1 in $4\frac{1}{2}$, was taken by the Crossley as easily and as smoothly as though it were the Parliamentary slope to an accommodation bridge. It cannot be denied that Messrs. Crossley and Sons, of Manchester, have produced a self-propelled vehicle which at one bound takes its place with the best productions of this country or the Continent.

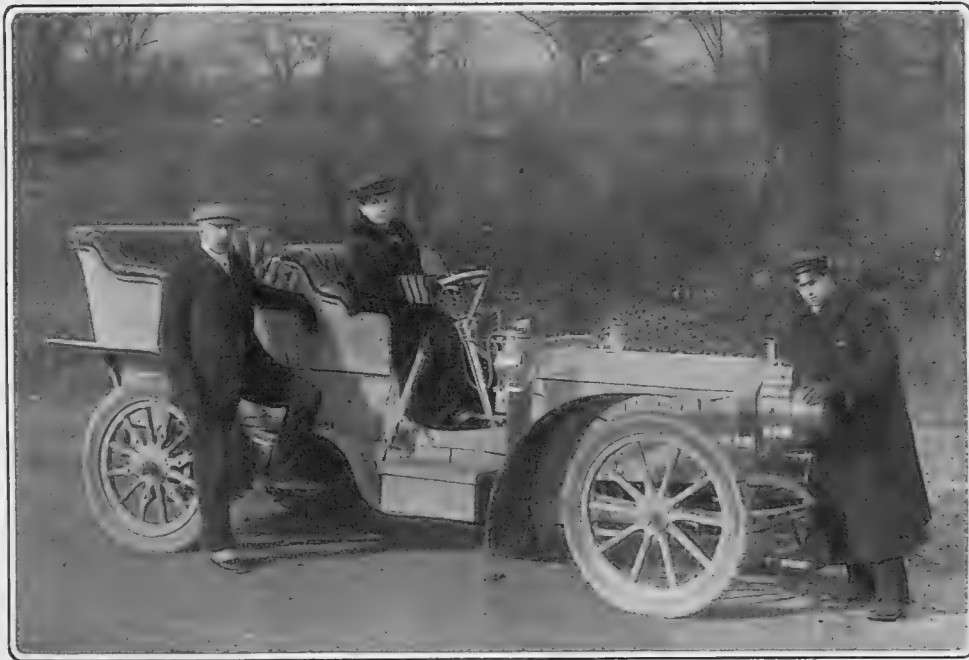
Whatever may be said by those who sell or drive cars fitted with magneto-ignition, there is and will always be a large section of motor-car users who swear by and will stick to high-tension ignition, with its accumulators, commutator, induction-coil, and sparking-plugs, because, once the system is grasped—and to the average man there is no sort of difficulty about this—nothing is required to ensure good results but common-sense and common care. And the way of the high-tension-current user is daily being made more easy before him. In times gone by, the low- and high-tension wiring was so badly, so

cheaply, and so ignorantly done, even on high-priced cars, that it was no marvel that trouble should result; but nowadays annoyance from bad wiring is almost unknown. The only irksome business with regard to high-tension ignition is the attention which must be given to the accumulators to keep them in condition for work, but by the introduction of the "Energy" battery, shown for the first time at the late Palace Show, users will only find it necessary to have them charged once in every fifteen hundred miles, or three times during an average season's running. The "Energy" battery, coming straight from the charging-bench fully charged, will give off no current, and cannot be short-

circuited until rods of cadmium are dropped into the cells, when it at once gives off its full voltage. Directly the rods are withdrawn the battery is inactive and cannot be harmed. Messrs. Peto and Radford showed this interesting apparatus.

From what the meteorologists tell us, there is a cold snack or two still ahead of us before the spring, so that a tip with regard to defence against low temperature, particularly as it concerns drivers, may not be out of place. Exposed as they are on steering-wheel and levers, a driver's hands, unless he has a very brisk circulation, get at times very cold indeed. Against this, fingered gloves, however heavily lined, appear to be no protection whatever; but quite a different state of things will be found to obtain if fingered gloves are relinquished for the baby palm-variety, where the fingers are accommodated in a kind of bag by themselves and only the thumb has a special division. With fur-backed, leather-palmed driving-gloves of this description, a driver will find his hands keep as warm as toast in the coldest weather.

Mr. Edge's new Napier is a very handsome car, and many people believe that, in the tourist class at any rate, it will be hard to beat. The new Napier embodies the latest Continental improvements, together with many English ones. It has also the advantage of six cylinders instead of four, and its freedom from noise and great smoothness of running are noteworthy points. The ignition is derived from one coil, which feeds all six cylinders, each cylinder firing exactly after the previous one. The hydraulic air-regulator, too, is most simple and efficient in action. The clutch is metal to metal, with no end-thrust; it is kept in position by three springs, which are instantaneously adjustable, and a slight pressure of the foot throws it out of use at any moment.



THE NEW NAPIER SIX-CYLINDER CAR.

Photograph by Russell and Sons.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Grand National and Lincolnshire Handicap—Foreign-bred Horses—The late Lord Alington.

THE chief objection urged against Cossack for the Lincolnshire Handicap is that he cannot stay, that he stands still after going six furlongs, and so he is in many quarters rated an "impossible." We heard very similar talk when Sir Geoffrey was being backed for the same race, yet Sir Geoffrey won easily enough. And Little Eva "could not get the mile," which she did get, and very creditably. So there is little in that objection, and I have no doubt that the handsome Cossack will beat more than beat him. At the same time, my information leads me to believe that Dumbarton Castle will win. As regards the Grand National, no public "schools" have created better impressions than those of Fairland at Manchester, Inquisitor at Birmingham, and Comfit at Warwick. But Manchester, Birmingham,

Several foreign-bred horses have made their winning-mark during this winter, forming a very fair average, taking into consideration the few from abroad that run over the fences. Perhaps the best of them are Kiora and Cheiro. The former was imported from the Antipodes by Captain Scott, who suffered such keen disappointment with the imported Levanter. It was fondly hoped that the Waler would win the Grand National, but he could only finish fourth or fifth—I forget which. Kiora has won steeplechases, and may succeed for Captain Scott where Levanter failed. Another vastly disappointing horse brought from Australia was Daimio, a most ungainly brute, which used to regard our fences something in the light of sky-scrapers, judging by the way in which he literally climbed over them. If I



and Warwick are far from being Aintrees, and the two former horses have a habit of falling in the Grand National. I see no reason to change my views with regard to the big jumping-race, which I still think will be won, should he be well on the day, by Ambush II.

In the Lincolnshire Handicap, Cossack has to carry 8 st. 6 lb. and Speculator 8 st. 5 lb., which, going strictly on book-records, puts Speculator out of it. But, in looking through last year's form, I was struck by noting that, although the two horses met several times, and each succeeding time with an advantage in weight to Cossack, yet Cossack never finished in front of Speculator! At Newmarket, early in the year, over six furlongs, Cossack (9 st. 4 lb.) finished a head behind Speculator (6 st. 8 lb.). Again at Newmarket, over six furlongs, Cossack (9 st. 3 lb.) finished a length behind Speculator (7 st. 5 lb.). Farther behind, and 12 lb. less between them! At Doncaster, over five and a-half furlongs, with the difference decreased to 19 lb., Cossack was unplaced behind Speculator, who was third to Nabot and Chacornac. The last time they met was at Hurst Park, where, over six furlongs and with only 15 lb. between them, Speculator finished farther in front of Cossack than ever. Only a pound separates them at Lincoln. Will history repeat itself?

remember aright, he never won a race here, yet was accounted an accomplished fencer in his native land. Cheiro is one of the two American animals owned by the Messrs. Keene and is a promising steeplechaser. Other foreigners to score lately are Fire Island, Sweet Dixie, Revera, and, in the selling class, Partridge and Salvia.

The late Lord Alington used to be a heavy bettor and a light talker. At various times he stood to win enormous sums on handicaps and weight-for-age races, notably on Allbrook and Friar's Balsam, but in latter years declining health kept him but little in touch with racing. I remember seeing him four or five years ago at Witchampton, and a couple of years ago at Scarborough, and was surprised he lasted so long; he must have had a robust constitution in spite of his spare form. When I was a youngster, I heard him make the opening speech at Gillingham Agricultural Show. He had met with a bad hunting-accident, and arrived on a pair of crutches, with one foot in a sling. He started off by saying, "You see I am suffering from foot-disease, and before I have finished I expect you will all be saying, 'Old Sturt is suffering from mouth-disease, too.'" Foot-and-mouth disease was raging very badly at the time, and the "hit" made a big impression on me.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IN commenting on the unprecedented and ever-growing extravagance of modern woman in the matter of clothes, critics seem to miss the gist of the whole matter in their sweeping denunciations nowadays. We must absolutely admit with them that luxury and expenditure have enormously increased—are enormously increasing—but so have the riches of not alone this country, but the world. Millionaires were as rare as roc's-eggs fifty years ago. Nowadays they are a numerous and increasing quantity. If, therefore, a woman's husband runs into portentous figures with his income, she cannot be called extravagant, surely, if such gauds as Russian sables, gigantic diamonds, and a quick-change of hundred-guinea frocks are her portion, while the epithet would most truly apply to her, on the other hand, who on a dress-allowance of, say, one hundred per annum sported imitations of these costly aforesaid objects that just exceeded her yearly limit. It is not so much the rich, therefore, who are extravagant as those of medium and meagre incomes who *will* cross the economic line of demarcation in their strenuous efforts to be "smart"—odious word, which has cost more in marital tears and treasure than any other in the language!

Reduced to practical argument, therefore, it all means that, if people were content to live within their incomes instead of well outside and astride them, the great reproach of our time and sex would be done away with. It is at home, and in the home only, this object-lesson is, however, to be learned and taught. The natural impulse of woman is to spend, the acquired one to save. If she is not duly impressed by the necessity of the latter, she will inevitably give way to the promptings of the former, and let the de'il, in the person

Fashion as she is spoke at this moment in Paris inclines more and more to early Victorian ugliness. The pelerine, with its sloping shoulders and meaningless outline, is the chiefest. It used to be said of it, indeed, that the pelerine neither kept one warm in winter nor cool in summer, which is practically a fact. Moreover, it hides the



[Copyright.]

A GRACEFUL WALKING-DRESS IN FACE-CLOTH.

of dressmaker or tailor, take the hindmost, as represented by her father or husband. French frugality is a proverb, yet a Frenchwoman is the best-dressed of all others; English expenditure is fast becoming another, which, all things considered, is a vast pity.



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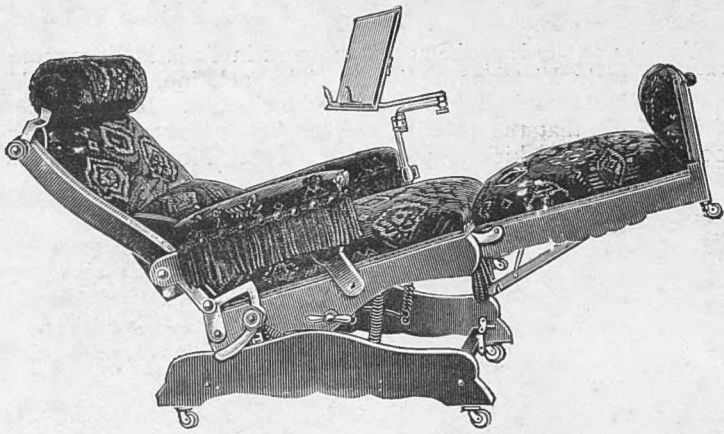
THE MODE FOR THE COMING SEASON.

figure and spoils the shoulders. Nevertheless, it will be worn, and, being an exceedingly difficult garment to shape with grace, can only emerge satisfactorily from the most skilled artists in clothes, all of which adds to its difficulty of adoption. Some of these pelerines fasten at the waist, ending in long stole-ends; some are applied in the old "cross-over" pattern; others, again, are long and shawl-shaped. All are highly fashionable and hideous.

There is much to be thankful for in the removal from the fashion list of tags, bobtails, cords, and other Armenian and Bulgarian atrocities in the way of passementerie and so forth, from our midst. When cheap imitations began to flood the shops, out went the cord and tassel period of decoration. A good thing, too. It is a meretricious form of ornamentation at best, but when imitated *à la* Edgware Road becomes unspeakable. Perfection of cut and an elegant simplicity of outline one never tires of, and both are unpurchasable of the million—being expensive.

If we are a self-indulgent generation, as has often been advanced, and given to overmuch lounging through life, there are, at least, some mitigating circumstances in the temptations to luxury with which we are surrounded. Who, for instance, when tired after a long day's work, could resist the invitation of a "Marlborough" arm-chair, into whose capacious curves and cushioned comfort Messrs. Foot and Son, of 171, New Bond Street, have so scientifically summoned the very spirit of ease? The "Marlborough" is capable, by its construction, of a dozen different positions, all tending to the especial ease and rest of the invalid, the weary, the overtired, and should be met with in every

house where such pleasant conditions are a consideration. In America, where the restless spirit of the nation must even manifest itself in repose, the "Marlborough" is an especial favourite, as a half-turn of



FOOT'S PATENT ADJUSTABLE RECLINING-CHAIR.

some one handle converts it into an ideal rocking-chair. Messrs. Foot and Son yearly export many of these chairs, which, by the way, are their own specialty and are not to be obtained elsewhere.

According to the calendar month, we are at this moment nearing the middle of gentle spring; we are also in the midst of floods, snow-storms, blizzards, and other emphatic actualities of weather. But, if pleasant ideals desert us without, we, at least, can create our atmosphere at home, and so, at this time of lengthening evenings and stronger morning-light, the dust and dinginess left behind by winter are more apparent, and we are moved to shake our carpets and hang up dainty white lace curtains, and generally burnish up and brighten within the walls which we call home.

In this connection let it be added that Messrs. Gorrings & Co., of Nottingham, are specialists in low-priced curtains, portières, and blinds, and that it will be well worth the housewife's while to send for their illustrated price-list of artistic furnishing fabrics, and other specialties, before making their purchases elsewhere.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F. L.—So many fancy things are made for masculine requirements nowadays that I rather wonder at your difficulty. How, for instance, would a silver cigar-lighter do? I saw a most original one lately—I think at Mappin and Webb's—which had a double light and was made in the form of an old Roman lamp, from which it was copied. This would be useful and original. If your friend eschews jewellery, it narrows the choice; still, many charming novelties remain. Why not write to the above firm—or any other—for a catalogue of articles suitable for gifts? That should solve your difficulties.

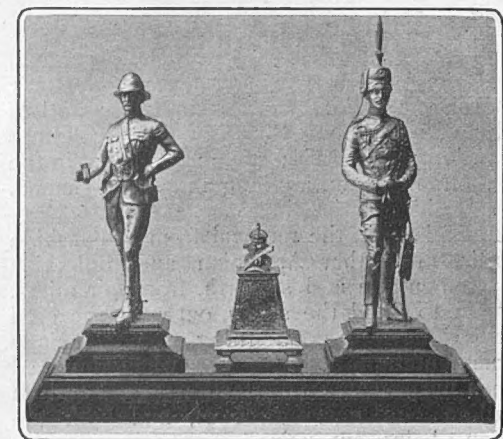
LADY LETTICE.—From your description, I rather think the cloak of white cloth and ermine designed by our clever artist in last week's issue would exactly suit. It would make a charming evening-coat either as sketched or slightly longer if desired. The embroidery could be either white, *ficelle*-coloured, or bullion, with tassels to match. For the cost, you should take the sketch to Jay, Paquin, Kate Reily, or some other artist in the first flight, who could render it well and give you an estimate at the same time. Having your own ermine would, of course, greatly reduce the cost.

SYBIL.

This handsome Point-to-Point Challenge Plate has been presented to the officers of the 13th Hussars by Captain F. W. Jarvis (of the South African Constabulary), late of the Loyal Suffolk Hussars, and attached during the South African War to the 13th Hussars.

The design represents officers of the regiment in full-dress and service uniform. The work has been executed by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, of No. 22, Regent Street, with their characteristic regard for artistic detail.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast and Western of France Railways have arranged for a service of through-carriages both ways between Dieppe and the Terminus in Paris



PRESENTATION PLATE TO THE 13TH HUSSARS.

of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway. This commenced running yesterday (March 1) in connection with their day-services between London and Paris. The arrangement of having through-carriages between Dieppe and Paris-Lyons should prove of considerable convenience to passengers to and from the South of France, Italy, Switzerland, &c., and will, in addition, facilitate the working of through-baggage.

"THE STAGE SHAKESPEARE."

Six more volumes of "The Stage Shakespeare" have just been issued by Messrs. William Collins and Sons. These comprise "King Henry V.," "King Henry VIII.," "Twelfth Night," "The Winter's Tale," "Othello," and "Much Ado." As in the previous volumes, the editor, Mr. Austin Brereton, supplies an introduction to each play, giving a short but interesting account of its literary and stage history, while a useful glossary is also appended. The illustrations are excellent, the binding neat and strong, and, altogether, it is impossible to imagine a better shilling's-worth than any one of these handy little volumes.

There are a great number of notabilities on the Riviera this season, the latest arrivals being the Comte and Comtesse d'Eu, who, however, will go on to Rome with their son in a few days' time. At Mentone there will be a great Charity Fête on March 7, under the patronage of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the profits of which will be divided between the Russian Hospital at Mentone and the Red Cross in the Far East, the money being sent to Admiral Alexeieff. The Princess Stephanie and Count Lonyay are still at Cap Martin, but they will leave very shortly for Hungary, as the health of the Princess has been completely restored by her stay in the South of France. Another new arrival is the Duchesse de Luynes, who is staying with the Duchesse de Dondeauville at the Villa La Rochefoucauld.

For the Folkestone Steeplechases, next Monday (the 7th inst.), the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run a number of special trains from London and other stations on their system. A Club Train (first-class only, return fare eight shillings) leaves Charing Cross at 11.10, calling at Waterloo and London Bridge. Special trains will be run to London and principal stations after the races.

The Midland Railway Company announce that the period for which return ordinary tickets are available on their Line will undergo a complete revision, commencing on July 1, and that the whole system will be simplified. Return tickets for distances up to and including twenty miles will be available for two days, also from Saturday to Monday. For distances exceeding twenty miles all tickets will be available for six months. Tourist tickets will be available for six months in those cases where hitherto two months has been the limit.



A CUP FOR THE NORTH CHINA FOOTBALL CLUB.

Designed and Modelled by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, Oxford Street, W., and Fenchurch Street, E.C.

In the eighth issue of "The Literary Year-book" (George Allen), no alteration in the main features has been attempted, the chief endeavour having been to obtain greater accuracy and more extended information. Mr. Henry Nevinson writes on "English Literature in 1903," Mr. James Milne contributes "A Survey of Bookland," while the whole contents and arrangement of the work are a striking testimony to the painstaking labours of the editor, Mr. Henry Gilbert.

Messrs. David MacBrayne have just placed an order for another steamer, which is to be ready for her station in June. This is the third steamer ordered by Messrs. MacBrayne for the West Highland trade in little more than twelve months. The *Claymore* has been considerably improved, and the *Clansman* will undergo a similar alteration. Electric-light installations have also been fitted.

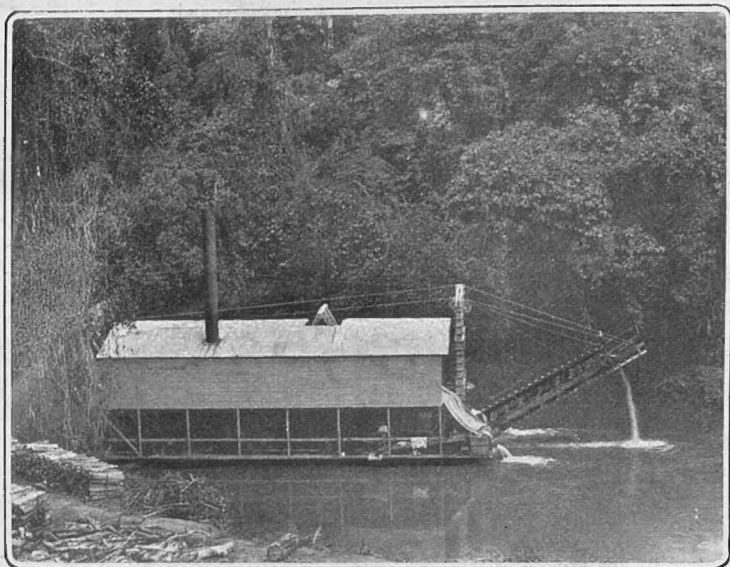
The new Russian Commander-in-Chief of the land forces in the Far East is General Kuropatkin, who was till recently Minister of War. The General, who entered the Army in 1864, is of the school of the famous Skobelev, whose Chief of the Staff he was in the Russo-Turkish War in 1877 and 1878. After the war, General Kuropatkin went to Turkestan, where he again served under Skobelev in command of a brigade of Chasseurs, and was present at the storming and massacre of Geok Tépé. Then, from 1883 to 1890, as a member of the General Staff, he studied the possible battlefields on the German frontier, and in 1890 was given the command of the Transcaspian province, where he remained eight years. In 1898, General Kuropatkin became Minister of War, and last year he took a journey through Siberia, Manchuria, and Japan, to study the ground in view of the possible rupture with Japan. The General is considered to be the most brilliant officer in the Russian Army.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 8.

THE WAR AND THE PANICS.

THINGS are certainly better after the panics of Paris and Berlin, but everybody is waiting with some anxiety for the end-of-the-month settlements in the two capitals. Should they pass off without further failures, we may expect an improvement, for our Continental friends are beginning to understand that, however detrimental to the general interests of civilised nations and general trade



WEST AFRICA: DREDGING THE ANCOBRA RIVER.

the present war may be, England and France intend to keep out of the struggle, if by any honourable means this is possible. For the moment, at least, all danger of a universal conflagration is at an end, whatever may happen later on, when the division of the spoil comes to be talked about. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and the end of the war is too far distant for us to distress ourselves over what may happen before we even know who will be the victor.

CANADIAN RAILWAY PROSPECTS.

Long is it since Canadian Pacific shares have stood as low as they do now. Had the Company been paying 6 per cent. when the shares stood over 140, how cheap they would have been considered! Now that the quotation is some 25 points lower, the public won't look at them, although the prospects of the line were less bright then than they are now, notwithstanding the record rigour of the Dominion's 1903-4 winter. At the current price, Canadas pay £5 5s. 3d., provided the Company can keep up its 6 per cent. distribution, which the directors are likely to strain every nerve to do. Of course, the present traffics, like those of the Grand Trunk, are very bad, and it won't do to say that both railways will make up the loss as soon as the weather breaks, because a great part of the passenger traffic has gone beyond recovery. There will, no doubt, be thumping takes all through the latter end of March and well into the coming May. Conditions as regards the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk are too abnormal to allow of any comparison with previous periods, and it is conceivable that the terrible weather may make a temporary hole in the dividend-chests for the present half-year.

THE JOYLESS JUNGLE.

With other markets in the Stock Exchange suffering from lack of public, and from general languor, it is not at all surprising that West Africans should continue in their groove of joylessness. For months past the key-note of the market has been disappointment. Where one property has turned out well—such, for instance, as the Ancobra, of whose dredger we are able to give views this week—a dozen have done badly, and it seems obvious that the over-financiering of the market at its inception will have to give account of itself, before West Africans can appeal to the suffrages of speculators with any success. Certain names are already beginning to be whispered with deep bitterness as having spoilt the market by greed, and worse. There is a deal of dirty linen to be washed, before many Companies we could mention are likely to prove of value to their proprietors, and it is not too much to say that the curse of the Jungle has been the share-manipulation and jugglery that lined one set of pockets only. So far as the gold-mining industry is concerned, several of the Jungle properties are making distinct progress, while, as regards the Ancobra, we may, perhaps, be pardoned in recalling that reference to it was made in these pages just before the last sharp rise took place. We are bound to confess that, in considering the Jungle as a whole, there seems little chance of any immediate improvement in prices; indeed, the fall may easily go further.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

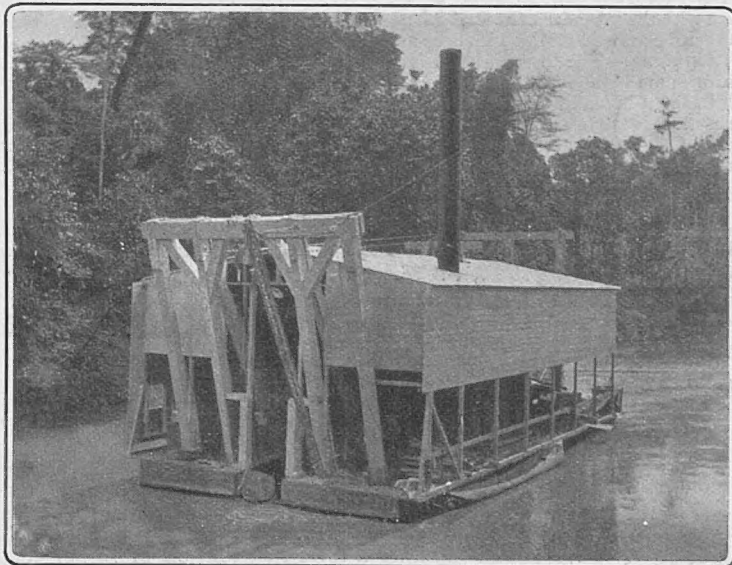
The Stock Exchange.

Being a member of the House, Heaven forbid that I should grumble! But really I doubt whether the Patron Saint of Speculation (Can anyone tell me his name, please?) would remain unruffled if he were asked about a dozen times a day, "How soon is business going to wake up?" The unkindest part of the matter lies in the fact that the question comes principally from clients, who have the key to the conundrum in their own hands. By Jove! how one would like to seize, say, a dozen rich clients, and fairly shake them into buying shares in every market of the House! Yet, when a man comes along and asks whether he shall buy a few Kaffirs or a few Yankees, for a speculation, candour compels a good deal of hesitation before the answer can be justifiably affirmative. Doubtless I am wrong, but it seems to me even now that we have got to have things lower round the House before chances of improvement become less impermanent, and I fail to see how punting in differences—account by account—can be done profitably on the bull tack. The general public, however, do not love to gamble on the bear side, and rather than do this they will refrain from the Stock Exchange altogether, which, with a disinterestedness that is above suspicion, I declare to be a pity. Of course, what people fear is the risk of being caught out of stock that they cannot buy—of being cornered, in short; and ever since the days that Joseph (now the minor) ran his little corner in wheat for the benefit of Pharaoh and himself first and second, and the rest of the "world" a rather bad third, the amateur speculator will not sell what he does not possess. "My boy," said a well-meaning client to me the other day, "I never buy what I can't pay for, and I never sell what I can't deliver." The theory is unexceptionable, but, if it were carried into general practice, four-fifths of the Stock Exchange would soon be in the market for sale.

Now that the strike on the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway has pulled down prices pretty considerably in that department, the speculative investor might find it to his advantage to have a dash in some of the stocks. Writing on Saturday night, the news looks unpleasant enough, but this sort of thing goes for very little in South America, and in a few days' time the troubles may all be over once more. If they are not, and "Roseys" continue flat, you can take my advice and help yourself. (By the way, I see that some person, who, no doubt, considers his wit extraordinarily brilliant, has been parodying my letters, and in *The Sketch*, too! I could have done it better myself. After I get my next cheque from my City Editor somebody's going to suffer. However, this is merely parenthetical, and you need not read it unless you like.) Whatever clumsy humour may be flung upon tips to buy Argentine Railway stocks, the fact remains that this is one of the best markets for following as a bull. The investor, too, who is on the look-out for a thoroughly sound stock paying good interest will find San Paulo Railway Ordinary a capital selection. It can be bought to yield 7½ per cent. on the money laid out, and while, of course, you cannot expect to get stuff to be gilt-edged which pays as much as this, there isn't much risk of any serious decline in the price of the stock, which now stands at 162, or thereabouts.

"Mark well my words, we shall buy Rand Mines at 7 yet," declared a dealer, usually very well-informed, in the Kaffir Market, and, from the look of South Africans, one would think several times before contradicting him. If we only had some reliable data to go upon it would not be so bad. We should, at least, have an idea what ought to be sold, even if we were uncertain on the other tack. But the market gropes in a thick darkness, and all we have to work upon is the achievement of the past, with the calculations that have been made as to the future by men working on the basis of costs under the Kruggerian era. Whether Rand Mines are really worth thirty-five to forty times their nominal value, who can say? You can tabulate the Company's list of holdings and that kind of thing, but supposing, for the sake of example, that the directors wished to sell all the shares held in some particular Deep Level Company of which the Rand Mines owns a large quantity. The price would be down to half its present market value long before a third of the shares to be sold were disposed of, and for this reason the method of valuation that we employ in roughly gauging the worth of a parent undertaking is the reverse of reliable or safe. Gold Fields, too, of which I recommended a bear some time ago, are not worth anything like 5½, in my estimation, and both East Rands and Modders stand much too high. Thanks to the bear account, they keep up; but, if we are in for a long-drawn-out period of depression, the prices will inevitably come down. Yet any signs of public buying consequent upon good news—end of the Russo-Japanese War, satisfactory increase in the returns from the mines under Chinese operations, or anything like that—would probably set things humming again. The possibilities, in my opinion, point in the other direction, and I don't see where we can look for that support without which Kaffirs must crumble still further. The shops cannot go on whacking their own donkeys for ever, and it is pretty well known that some of the big houses have just as much hay on their fork as they can conveniently carry.

Donkey-whacking may be a far cry from organ-blowing, but the one suggests the other to my—to the place in my head where the brains ought to be. ("Ah, my son," says my justly-proud Mother, "there is one disease that you can never die of.") A Stock Exchange friend of mine went to the Oxford House at the invitation of the now Bishop of London to play the organ at some social function. He is a very energetic young man, even when jobbing, and, to use his own phrase, he "gave that organ beans," encouraged thereto by the obvious pleasure which his audience evidenced in pure volume of sound. The evening finished with a hymn, accompanied by the organ. At the last line of the last verse, the instrument came to a dead stop, and the organ's "Amen" was only a giddy gurgle. Making his way to the back, my friend found the two organ-blowers leaning in an exhausted condition on the handles, the



THE ANCOBRA DEVELOPMENT SYNDICATE DREDGER.

perspiration streaming down their faces. "Well," said one of them, resentfully, "you 'ave bin givin' us a doin' to-night, and no error! And, to finish up with, I'm blest if you 'avn't gone and bust the bellers!" It was too true: the bellows of the organ displayed a rent big enough to make a landlord's mouth water.

After the slump in British Westinghouse Preference shares comes a disquieting fall in British Electric Traction, Mr. Emil Garcke's pet concern. In this latest case the relapse is apparently due to shareholders becoming nervous of the immense proportions that the business has assumed. There comes a time in every commercial undertaking's career when further expansion not only fails to benefit, but does actual harm to the Company undertaking it. The clear brain and steady head that, by strict attention to detail, have wrought prosperity for the progeny under their control, cannot extend their power illimitably, and, from what I can gather from British Electric Traction shareholders, apprehension exists lest the Company may have gone a little too far—may have to recoil before it can leap to the better afterwards. There was very much the same sort of sentiment prevalent some time back in regard to the Vickers-Maxim concern. Constant waterings of the capital and heavy increase of charges, combined though they were with improved profits, brought about a nervousness amongst proprietors which showed itself in streams of little sales. Now, however, Vickers are going ahead again, and if the price should rise to anything like fifty shillings my idea would be to sell them. As to British Electric Traction, the price is quite likely to go lower before any recovery sets in. These are, of course, the Ordinary to which I refer; the Preference look well-enough secured for anybody who does not crave for absolute safety.

Liberals and Unionists, Radicals and Conservatives, will perhaps look with a touch of regret at the reduction in price of the two leading Liberal papers. There is now no penny daily newspaper devoted to Liberalism, and, while the other Party boasts its brilliant *Daily Telegraph* and its stately *Standard*, both sold at a penny each, the Liberals have to be content with halfpenny journals, with all the "reputation" attaching to papers sold at that price. Not but what both the *Daily News* and the *Chronicle* are capital dailies; the latter has a City Article by Mr. A. J. Wilson that alone is worth the money as a lesson in pessimism. And pessimism may have its substantial use in these latter days. The *Daily News* City page I should criticise as being too catalogical—too much a record of prices and not enough comment—but I know many readers of the *Times*, for instance, to whom this feature is of great value, readers who want to know movements rather than opinions of men who, perhaps, are less informed than themselves.

Chacun à son goût. After all, it is only a question of words—more words or less words. "The mouth of a wise man," says Solomon (who knew a thing or two about finance), "is in his heart: the heart of a fool is in his mouth." The locality of my own heart? The answer surely lies patent in these long-winded, perambulatory passages now to be closed up by

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Feb. 27, 1904.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. H.—(1) The pamphlet is published by the *Gold Coast Globe* Publishing Company, 5, Bishopsgate Street Within. (2) We do not think the time has come to buy Jungles. See this week's Notes.

A. K.—(1) The lady will have to pay. (2) The 2½ per Cents are redeemable at the option of the Government in 1905. There is not much chance of the option being exercised.

CAUTIONS.—We did not refer to the Chadburn Company, and our observation would not apply to it.

BARTER.—The Railway securities are speculative; we prefer the Mexican 1st Pref. The Salvador Debentures cannot be thought anything except highly speculative, as, even with the subsidiary, the fixed charges are not earned. The Industrials are all fair, and the same may be said of the Investment Company.

WANDERER.—The Borax shares are sound, also the Gas shares. The Estates Debentures are highly speculative. As to the Westinghouse Pref., we think they are worth buying at present price. What you say about the fluctuations since November is true.

J. H. G.—The shares are not dealt in or quoted in London, and we would rather not advise. They would not suit us for our own money.

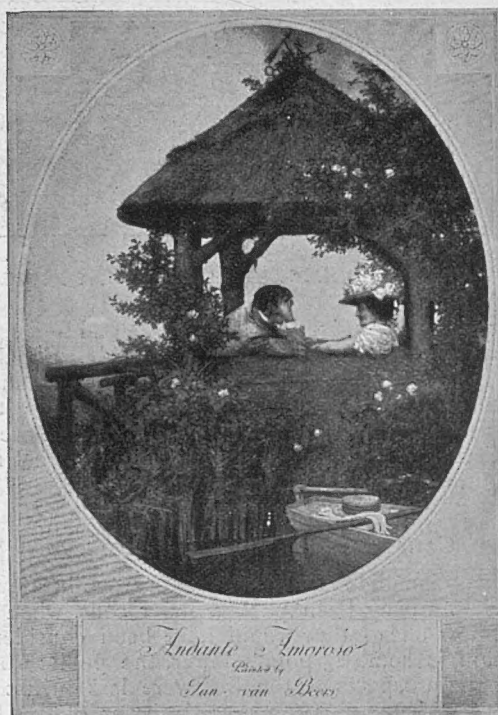
The "Sanitas" Company, Limited.—The Annual General Meeting of this Company was held on Feb. 24, under the presidency of Mr. C. T. Kingzett, F.I.C., F.C.S. The Chairman congratulated the shareholders upon the continued prosperity of the business, notwithstanding the generally depressed state of trade, and the bad weather which had been very adverse to their interests. In particular, he directed attention to the "Pine-Oxygen" treatment of consumption and lung and throat affections, which had been elaborated by the Company, and he anticipated a growing trade in the sale of "Sanitas" oil, and "Sanitas" fumigators, and inhalers, which appliances are associated with that treatment. Turning to the accounts of the Company, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, repairs to plant and machinery, and advertising, a final dividend and bonus of 5 per cent. was declared (making a total distribution of 7½ per cent. for the year), the sum of £500 was carried to depreciation, £1500 to reserve, and a balance of £2227 forward to 1904.

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